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SENATOR SMOOT is doing his simple duty, under our accepted theory of protection as a prize for the greediest grabber, in trying to boost the sugar duty for the benefit of his beet-growing constituents. But the deal is so raw, and the American producers who stand to suffer from the increase are so powerful, that he is running into rough water. Cuba is by soil and climate the best place in the world to grow sugar, and it lives by growing sugar, some 84.6 per cent by value of its exports during the past five years having been sugar. Its total crop during the past year was no less than 5,000,000 tons, more than one-sixth of the world's production. Under our reciprocity agreement, Cuban sugar has since 1904 entered our market with a rebate of 20 per cent of any existing duty. As a result of all these conditions, American capital has flowed into Cuba in great amounts. The Department of Commerce estimates its total at \$1,250,000,000 invested largely in sugar, sugar railroads, and other industries dependent on sugar. This is more than five times the total investment in our domestic sugar industry both beet and cane. We are thus witnessing a pretty three-cornered fight between the American interests in Cuba, which naturally do not want their throat cut by having to pay higher duties, the American interests in Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, which enjoy free entry for their

sugar, and the domestic producers, notably the beet growers. Last year Cuba furnished some 47 per cent of our sugar, the insular possessions 31 per cent, and the domestic producers about 21 per cent.

TO RAISE the existing full duty of two and two-tenths cents to the three cents of the House bill would increase the cost of landing sugar here from Cuba by sixty-four hundredths of a cent per pound, and would probably raise the price of sugar by nearly that amount, increasing our national sugar bill by something like \$100,000,000. Somewhat less than half of this would go to the government and the rest would be a gift to the sugar growers in the insular possessions and to our domestic growers of cane and beets. Professors Commons, Perlman, and Hibbard, of the University of Wisconsin, estimate the increased cost to consumers at \$150,000,000. Of this they figure that farmers would pay \$33,000,000, while sugar-growing farmers (less than 3 per cent of the total) might get \$26,000,000—a net loss of \$7,000,000 to the farmers and a striking example of how not to help the distressed agriculturist. An increase of duty would result in an increase in the supply of insular and high-cost domestic sugar, the shutting off of the American consumer from the benefits of Cuban soil and climate, which he may share if Congress will let him, the enrichment of a handful of American producers by the plunder of a hundred and fifteen million American sugar users, and a deadly blow at the prosperity of Cuba and the American capital there invested. We have no greater tenderness for American capital in Cuba than in Colorado, but we do have a great tenderness for common-sense and international decency.

ALTHOUGH THE ADMINISTRATION has hushed up the Salt Creek oil scandal, we predict that it will not stay hushed. When Attorney-General Mitchell announced on June 23 that he did not think any legal basis existed for suits attacking the validity of the leases held by oil companies in the government fields of Wyoming, he did what everyone familiar with the situation in Washington expected him to do. The Department of Justice and the Department of the Interior have never been interested in pushing the investigation of the leases in this field to a disturbing conclusion. Attorney-General Mitchell may be honest enough in his judgment, but the fact remains that he has based that judgment upon the old, incomplete evidence concerning the Salt Creek fields in the files of the Department of the Interior. What the situation needs is not a judgment of present evidence but a thorough probe for more evidence. That probe, as Paul Blanshard pointed out in an article in *The Nation* of February 20, has never been made. The titles to leases of government land in one of the richest oil fields in the world, involving perhaps a billion dollars, are clouded with suspicion and charges of fraud. The trail of juggled titles and theft from the government goes back much farther than any investigations of the Senate Public Lands Committee have thus far reached.

OWEN D. YOUNG, who has won the applause of his countrymen for his masterly handling of the recent reparations conference in Paris, earned their gratitude again when upon his return to America he slipped quietly home, refusing an official reception from Grover Whalen, who imagines he earns his salary as police commissioner of New York City by going down the bay at government expense to welcome almost everybody from kings to peanut vendors. Before and during the reparations conference the Washington Administration reiterated the old song that German payments had no connection with the Allied debts to America and insisted upon the *unofficial* character of our delegates in Paris. But no sooner were these men back than they were summoned to the capital for a long powwow with President Hoover and his *official* family. Then Secretary Stimson gravely repeated his previous announcement that there would be no participation by the Federal Reserve Board or any other government agency in the management of the projected International Bank of Settlement. Interesting but not important. For American finance is not controlled in Washington and even now Wall Street is probably planning its part in the world bank. It would be exceedingly embarrassing to Europe if it were not. And Wall Street has no notion of embarrassing Europe—in just that way.

OUR CAPACITY FOR BUNGLING in regard to the debts owed us by the Allies seems to be unlimited. Ten years ago we stood out for full payment instead of admitting the impossibility of such a feat and making generous cancellations to the Allies in return for similar concessions by them to Germany. As payment was not forthcoming, we entered eventually into refunding arrangements which in most cases will return us only a fraction of our money even if they are carried out—and they won't be. Such an arrangement is still pending with France, but her Parliament has taken the reasonable position that it will not ratify the scheme until sure of the money with which to pay through general acceptance of the Young plan, something which will take a number of months. Meanwhile a post-war debt to us of \$400,000,000 for army supplies falls due on August 1. Under the proposed refunding scheme payment of this would be postponed and carried along with the war debt. So Congress, before adjourning, voted to extend the time of paying the \$400,000,000 for nine months in order to permit the ratification meanwhile of the refunding scheme. But in the last-minute hurry the resolution was not signed by either Speaker Longworth or Vice-President Curtis, and Secretary Stimson thinks that he cannot carry out the resolution. Probably he is right, but it puts the United States in the ugly position of seemingly trying to bludgeon France into signing the debt agreement at once. There is an alternative. France can simply ignore the debt due on August 1, and we have no idea that Paris will be occupied by American marines if she does.

"IN THE NAMES of their respective peoples"—that is a part of the phraseology with which the President of the United States, the Emperor of Japan, and the other "High Contracting Powers" renounce war in the so-called Kellogg pacts. For most of the Powers the phrase was a mere phrase. In Japan it created a political tornado. Old

patriots maintained that it was unconstitutional, an insult to the sacred person of the Emperor, an implied limitation upon his absolute sovereignty. Eventually the Privy Council voted to sign the pact with an "interpretative declaration" explaining, in effect, that the phrase was not to be taken seriously. Three of the Elder Statesmen voted against such a halfway ratification, two because they objected to any modification of the form negotiated with the Western Powers, one because he objected to even so mild an implication that the Emperor of Japan derived his authority from the people. The debate was a striking revelation of Japan's position on the borders of medieval feudalism. Her people have democratic rights accorded in a Constitution granted by an Emperor who was in fact more radical than his people. Such contradictions abound. Constitutionally, Japan's ministries are not yet responsible to the Parliament or the people. Yet whereas the Elder Statesmen still stir up tempests in teapots over a Kellogg phrase, the business men of Japan, without constitutional sanction, have just demonstrated anew their power to force a change in government policy. In the last two months Japan has executed another right-about-face in its policy toward China, and the Japanese Minister, installing himself at Shanghai while other diplomats linger in Peiping, has gone further than any of his colleagues in manifesting sympathy with the Nationalist Government.

FENG DIDN'T GO TO WAR with Chiang after all and China has another breathing spell. Never has there been a more comic anti-climax to a great national crisis than the recently announced Feng-Chiang agreement. The Nationalist armies of Chiang Kai-shek had been drawn up in battle array against the rebel forces of Feng Yu-hsiang, many bridges had been destroyed, the formal declaration of war had been broadcast throughout China, and both generals had issued scorching statements about each other. But in the pause before the firing news came of the surprising victory of Chiang's southern forces against the rebels near Canton, Chiang's subordinates outmaneuvered Feng in Shantung, and, most important of all, the revenues of the Nanking Government began to purchase Feng's supporters. Money looked very tempting to men who had had no pay for months, as Feng's soldiers had not, and to various northern military leaders who had flirted with Feng. In the end Feng saw that his forces were hopelessly outnumbered, and he sold out for \$3,100,000—\$3,000,000 for his soldiers and \$100,000 for his own "traveling expenses." He is going to Germany to act as special investigator of foreign economic affairs for the Nationalist Government. How euphemistically the Chinese avoid the word "exile"! At least it is alleged that he is going. *The Nation's* department of Chinese prophecy is feeling very low at the moment. Hereafter we intend to refer to General Feng only in the past tense.

RELUCTANTLY, one imagines, Baron Passfield of Passfield Corner will take his place in the House of Lords. But his wife, Beatrice Webb, is to be subject to no such pressure of nobility. For many years Sidney and Beatrice Webb have been leaders in the thought and authority of the British Labor Party. At the urgent request of the Prime Minister, who wished the Cabinet to be represented

in the House of Lords, Sidney Webb, at the same time that he accepted the position of Minister for the Colonies, consented to what must seem to him a little like a sacrifice of his identity and accepted a baronetcy. Beatrice Webb, however, has announced that she will not be called Lady Passfield, thus establishing a precedent in the refusal by a wife of her husband's title. Good Lucy Stoners, who would have denied her a seat in their midst because she called herself Beatrice Webb instead of Beatrice Potter, cannot but applaud her now. She has herself lent distinction to the name of Webb, separate from the distinction of her husband. In refusing to let the name be lost to British history except as it stands in explanatory parenthesis after that of the newly created Baron, she has made a very pretty gesture, both for feminism and for loyalty.

REPRESENTATIVE OSCAR DE PRIEST, whose wife was invited to tea by Mrs. Hoover, has remained sensible and tolerant under the storm of protest occasioned by that simple fact. Texas, Florida, Mississippi, and Virginia have expressed themselves as fearful over the future of the white race because the President's wife asked a colored woman, whose husband was the duly elected representative of certain of the voters of Illinois, to a social function at her house. Mr. De Priest put the whole discussion on a sane and decent level when he remarked:

My wife was invited not because she was white or black, Republican or Democrat. She was not invited because Mrs. Hoover thought anything of her personally. She was invited because she happened to be the wife of a man who was a member of Congress. That's all there was to it.

This is admirable and exactly the tone which Mr. De Priest must take. If he took any other tone he would bring about his ears not a storm but a tornado. *The Nation*, which does not have to fear Southern tornadoes, can and does take a little different tone. It is true that Mrs. De Priest was invited to the White House as a matter of political routine; but if Mrs. Hoover had invited her as a personal friend, if she had come not only to tea but to dine, if she had been a week-end guest with her husband and her five children, supposing her to have so many, the white race would, so *The Nation* firmly believes, still rest strongly on its foundations, the world would not flop over on its side, the stars would still serenely maintain their courses, and not a single Southern Democrat would have any right to be late to his dinner in consequence. Some day just this sort of thing may happen in the White House: that is, a President or his wife may invite as a guest one of his or her friends who happens to be a Negro. Then we shall see a real storm; but it will be in the best of causes.

OUR RIGHT HAND ACHES in sympathy with that of Mr. Hoover, who on a recent Wednesday welcomed 1,176 persons visiting the White House for no other purpose than to tell the folks back home that they had been received by the President. No European country would think of subjecting its king or prime minister to so nonsensical a waste of time and strength. Doubtless the custom survives in this country to prove the "democracy" of a government which in fact has ever less and less of such quality. Mr. Roosevelt, the most democratic President of this cen-

tury, abolished the weekly reception of miscellaneous visitors, probably through confidence that his reputation required no such spurious bolster. The affable but ineffective Mr. Harding reestablished the rite, and both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover have accepted it. If the 1,176 hands that Mr. Hoover shook the other day were laid end to end, they would reach from Washington to the Milky Way or from the Edict of Nantes to the Battle of the Somme. Translated into foot-pounds, the energy that Mr. Hoover wasted would make four carloads of coughless cigarettes or support a missionary in Africa for three years. If Mr. Hoover is not interested in such enterprises, he could keep his hand in his pocket, which is said to be a silly habit but cannot possibly be as much so as the weekly White House reception. And if there is no other relief, the boys of the future (every one of whom, we know, is a potential President) should be taught to shake hands ambidextrously, so that when the zero hour comes, and they are sent to the shaking-line, they can rest themselves by changing from one hand to the other.

VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON, who died the other day in England at the age of fifty-eight, was that rare thing among university professors of English, a man who was familiar not only with literature but with the things out of which literature is made—politics, economics, sociology, theology, to mention only a few. For twenty-one years he had been professor of English at the University of Washington; the men and women with whom he came in daily contact thought him a great man; his most important work, "Main Currents in American Thought," two volumes of which appeared about two years ago, was generally recognized as an extraordinarily significant contribution to American letters. He was a thorough scholar and at the same time completely aware of what was taking place in the world around him. His opinions were radical and none more so than the concept which guided him in his chef d'œuvre—that literature is not a nun set chastely separate from "life" but an expression of a given culture, part of the pattern of society and governed by the pattern as a whole. *The Nation* was only one of a number of periodicals which welcomed contributions from him whenever they could be obtained. It is melancholy to have to record his death when he was hardly past middle-age, and it is only a measure of consolation that the third volume of "Main Currents" is actually finished except for final revisions, and will be published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

LITTLE COMMENT is required on the following dispatch to *Variety* from Los Angeles:

Recent Shriner convention netted Jake Timberg, local bottle dealer, \$3,800 profit. Holding the exclusive empty-bottle concessions with eighteen local hotels, Timberg's bookkeeper produced a summary showing the following amount of glassware passing through his warehouses during the week following the convention—98 gross of gin bottles, 236 gross ginger-ale bottles, 63 gross of fancy Scotch, 22 gross of champagne, 42 gross fancy wine, 182 gross miscellaneous pints, 49 gross beer, and 33 gross of tonic bottles. These bottles are all reconditioned, resold, and will eventually find their way back again to Timberg's bottle emporium for another Turkish bath.

We suppose that the 33 gross of "tonic" was consumed by the scrupulously law-abiding contingent of the Shriners.

Freedom of Belief—for Citizens Only

HOW far does our country propose to go in making war on private conscience? Recent court decisions in the Schwimmer and MacIntosh naturalization cases bring this question sharply to mind. It looks like a war on peace-makers at a particularly inopportune time, just when we are trying to find means of making anti-war treaties effective. Though both cases involve the question of the citizen's responsibility in war, the issue is really much wider; for the problem of the rights and duties of the citizen as against the state is an eternal one.

In the Schwimmer case, Justice Butler, speaking for the majority of the United States Supreme Court, declares it the duty of the citizen "*by force of arms* to defend our government against all enemies whenever necessary"—a doctrine that no small number of us utterly repudiate and are prepared to resist if necessary. Justice Butler continues: "Whatever tends to lessen the willingness of citizens to discharge their duty to bear arms in the country's defense detracts from the strength and from the safety of the government"—from which again, as thus stated, we dissent, believing the Justice to be completely mistaken, and holding that the strength and safety of the government do not at bottom reside in its armed force, as he holds. Under the Schwimmer decision, apparently, no alien who honestly avows these views may be admitted to citizenship, no matter how well qualified he may be otherwise. Those of us who happen to have been born here cannot be deprived of citizenship for holding these ideas, but according to Justice Butler's reasoning we lack an essential qualification of citizenship, as, indeed, most people seem to have thought during the war. Under these circumstances, we heretics who are already citizens have a certain measure of freedom of conscience, but our fellowship is not to be augmented by the admission of aliens of like faith.

In the case of Professor MacIntosh of the Yale Divinity School, Judge Burrows (who will be recalled as presiding at the recent trial of Mary Ware Dennett) goes farther in a way than the Supreme Court. Professor MacIntosh is not even a conscientious objector to all war. Asked whether he will defend the Constitution and laws against all enemies, foreign and domestic, and whether he is willing, if necessary, to take up arms in defense of this country, he replies, in words that do him honor,

I am willing to do what I judge to be in the best interests of my country, but only in so far as I can believe that this is not going to be against the best interests of humanity in the long run. I do not undertake to support my country, right or wrong, in any dispute which may arise, and I am not willing to promise beforehand, and without knowing the cause for which my country may go to war, either that I will or that I will not take up arms in defense of this country, however necessary war may seem to the government of the day.

It is only in a sense consistent with these statements that I am willing to promise to support and defend the government of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic.

Ready to place allegiance to country "above private interest

and mere individual preference and second only to my allegiance to what I take to be the will of God," Professor MacIntosh yet could not promise to support our government in a war violating the Kellogg pact. Judge Burrows refused him citizenship. The decision of Judge Burrows means that no alien is eligible to citizenship who is unwilling to pledge himself in advance to support, to the extent of bearing arms himself, any war in which the country may engage, no matter how wrong in his judgment. Judge Burrows, or the naturalization law, or both are wrong. No man who was willing to take such a pledge could possibly be a good citizen.

Furthermore, the pledge is a flat contradiction of our historical policy. "In every war this country has waged," as we stated in our earlier discussion of the Schwimmer case, "some Americans have refused to bear arms," and some have gone farther in active opposition. The government itself has generally relied on the volunteer system, thus leaving the question of bearing arms to the citizen himself. In our latest great armed conflict we resorted to conscription, but even so we made provision for certain classes of conscientious objectors. Certainly no one can defend the doctrine of compulsory service by hiding behind the word "American."

In time of war these ideas against which the courts would defend us do create serious problems for those whose business it is to wage war. None the less, the state for its own sake must tolerate them. Military force has proved inadequate to keep peace and we are working out a new technique and a new body of ideas that may make peace possible. In that work we must allow liberty of thought and expression to those who can see other ways than the discredited ones of military force, and our government will do well to adhere to the principle of free thought "with regard to admission into as well as to life within this country," as Justice Holmes suggested.

In the practical operation of this principle of free thought there is bound to be compromise and at times perhaps confusion, but the state must recognize at the last the supremacy of the individual conscience, must remember the words of Emerson:

The law is only a memorandum. We are superstitious and esteem the statute somewhat: so much life as it has in the character of living men, is its force. The statute stands there to say, yesterday we agreed so and so, but how feel ye this article today? Our statute is a currency, which we stamp with our own portrait: it soon becomes unrecognizable, and in process of time will return to the mint.

The state, then, must be forever in process of adjusting the law to the ideas and the character of its citizens. Let it refuse the new ideas at its peril! It is just this that our government would seem to be undertaking in respect to the newer ideas of war and peace. At a time when we imperatively need new and fruitful ideas, it is refusing citizenship to men and women just because they are not tied absolutely in the bonds of the older and discredited notions. But new tasks forever demand new ideas.

"Say It with Deposits"

THE choicest bit of evidence that has come out of the whole eighteen-months' investigation of power interests by the Federal Trade Commission was published on June 27 just before the commission adjourned its inquiry until autumn. The evidence, which was in the form of a letter from one power executive to another, described how the Pacific Gas and Electric Company uses the little banks of California to spread propaganda for itself and against public ownership. A. F. Hockenbeamer, president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, wrote to A. W. Robertson of Pittsburgh:

We discovered the country bankers quite a number of years ago. . . . We came to the conclusion about fifteen years ago that as a practical incentive to get them to work with us there is no substitute for deposits. . . . We have at this time accounts with 230 country banks scattered all over our territory, and while our policy keeps an average of around a million and a half dollars tied up in balances in these depositories, we believe it is well worth while; first, because the service they render to us as bankers is worth something, and secondly, because it cements their friendship and cooperation. *Incidentally, we require no interest on these deposits.* [Italics ours.]

. . . We have had occasion to test their friendliness on a number of occasions and they have never failed us. During our two big campaigns against the so-called Water and Power Act (a scheme to put California in the power business with an initial issue of half a billion of bonds) they literally sent out hundreds of thousands of personal letters and pieces of literature to their depositors and stockholders, as well as campaigning against the act personally. My impression is that the other power companies in California follow pretty much the same policies as I have outlined.

Along with this letter evidence was published to show that this same Pacific Gas and Electric Company contributed \$50,000 to Stanford University while the present Secretary of the Interior, Ray Lyman Wilbur, was president, and also gave support to the university's School of Business Administration.

It is to be hoped that the Federal Trade Commission, when it resumes the investigation in September, will be able to go behind the evils of power propaganda and expose the whole financial structure of the power industry. This was the original idea of the Walsh resolution, but when the effort was made last year to disclose the operations of the Electric Bond and Share Company, that organization refused to reveal its books. Now the commission has gone to the courts to force a surrender of the records. Meanwhile enough is known of the process of gradual concentration of control in the power industry to arouse general alarm. The latest report of H. S. Raushenbush of the Committee on Coal and Giant Power of New York shows that "over one-half of the electric power production of the country is in the hands of four holding companies." It is useless to inveigh against these super-corporations for their incidental activities in controlling the press, the colleges, and the banks unless their methods of making surplus profits are revealed and those profits recaptured by the community.

The Gangster

THE typical gangster is emotionally deficient, according to Dr. William J. Hickson, director of the psychopathic laboratory of the Chicago Municipal Court, who has examined 40,000 criminals during the last twelve years. For the most part also the gangster is mentally deficient, having a mental age of twelve to thirteen years. He is the dementia praecox type and is just as insane, says Dr. Hickson, as the dementia praecox, hyper-emotional type to be found in insane asylums. The leaders of gangsters, however, are not mentally deficient. They are, in fact, above the average in intelligence. But like their less intelligent underlings, they are emotionally infantile. Given this emotional deficiency, intelligence and education merely fit them for greater crimes.

The emotional incompetence of the gangster is the far more serious defect from the point of view of society, which has the problem of controlling him. The gangster commits murder without a quickening of the pulse, "with no more emotion than would grip the ordinary person saying 'How do you do?' to a slight acquaintance." He goes to the electric chair without a tremor, for he can contemplate his own death without any change in his heart or blood pressure, if we are to take the word of Dr. Hickson. Because of this lack in the emotional make-up of the criminal, punishment meted out to a fellow-gangster is no deterrent whatever.

Dr. Hickson scouts the idea that the gangster is motivated in his killings by the desire for revenge. It has been a tradition that revenge is written large in the code of the gangster. Dr. Hickson points out that the gangster is superstitious and talks a great deal about religion. He is probably also very sentimental, and sentimentality is an aspect of emotional infantilism which might easily give rise to the acceptance of a childlike "code of honor" which would have no basis whatever in real feeling. Therefore a gangster might avenge a comrade's death not out of a desire to do so but because of this artificial code—set up probably not by himself but by someone more intelligent higher up whose motive was purely a business one. For Dr. Hickson feels that shooting is just part of the gangster's business, that he is incapable of feeling the desire for revenge just as he is incapable of remorse. He removes a rival who interferes with his business. In other words, his real motive, though he may call it revenge, is no different from that of a business man who removes a rival by financial ruin.

Dr. Hickson has no panacea to offer, nor even any comfort. The defects of gangsters, he says, are hereditary and therefore incurable. The typical gangster comes from a defective family whose members are criminal, feeble-minded, or insane. The gangster is born a gangster. The gangsters of the future are now in the schools making life miserable for teachers. "As boys," says Dr. Hickson, "they are haled into juvenile court. Perhaps they get short terms in the reformatory—at any rate, they never are able to reform. Sooner or later they launch into murderous careers." Time and again, Dr. Hickson asserts, his laboratory has labeled youths as killers, only to have the prophecy fulfilled. His only remedy is segregation, and in his opinion segregation should take place before the crime.

Gangsters should be taken from the schools before they get big enough to be gangsters. They should be segregated on State farms, not punitive, until such time as they are pronounced cured. In nearly every case that would mean life segregation. Commitment should be made after examination by a commission, which would report to the courts on just what type each criminal is. . . . Segregation would keep them from both crime and propagation.

Dr. Hickson's theory of emotional deficiency seems to us inadequate to cover all cases of criminality, but it is doubtless an important contributory cause; and it would tend to explain the fact that capital punishment is apparently no deterrent to murder. Moreover, we cannot feel so hopeless as Dr. Hickson does toward the problem of reform. Environment, while not as important perhaps as heredity, has much to do with making the criminal. Certainly we cannot agree with Dr. Hickson in his zeal for segregating gangsters before they become gangsters. With insanity in its present undefined and diffused state, we should not trust any commission to pick, before the fact, the sane from the insane for so serious a commitment. We doubt that Dr. Hickson himself would undertake such a task; we are sure he would not delegate it.

Back to Russia

ENGLAND'S Labor Government had no sooner begun smoking the underslung pipe of peace with Ambassador Dawes than it turned to relight the pipe of peace with Russia. Normal diplomatic relations, begun in Ramsay MacDonald's first term of office and rudely interrupted by the Arcos raid two years ago, will be resumed.

It was on February 1, 1924, that England first recognized the Bolsheviks. Only Germany, the Baltic countries, and some of the Near Eastern Powers had established de jure relations with the outlaw Muscovites. But England's action was electric. Italy followed suit on February 7, Norway on February 13, Austria on February 20, Greece and Sweden in March, China in May, Mexico in August, France in October, and Japan in January. Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and Switzerland also have established de facto relations with Russia. Since England gave the initial impulse, in fact, all the important Powers except the United States have assumed more or less friendly relations with the government founded by Lenin.

Little of the good and evil variously prophesied as a result of diplomatic recognition has ensued. Those who predicted an outburst of Communist propaganda have been disappointed; the Communist movement has continued to decline in all the Western countries. On the other hand, those who foresaw a vast increase in Russian trade and a solution to the problem of unemployment in Britain have been equally disillusioned. Russian trade has continued to grow, but slowly; and it has directed itself along economic rather than political channels. Russia did not buy to favor nations that recognized her; she bought what she needed where she could buy it most cheaply. In large degree, she bought cotton in the United States.

Last year, in fact, Russia bought some \$54,300,000 worth of cotton in the United States, which is more than

Russia's entire purchases from the United States, of all kinds, amounted to in any year before the war. In other words, despite the barrier of non-recognition the United States is doing a vastly larger business in terms of money with the Bolsheviks than she did with the duly recognized Government of the Czar in 1913. Despite the poverty of Soviet Russia we even buy nearly twice as much of her as we did of Czarist Russia.

The hullabaloo over the question of recognizing Russia seems somewhat absurd in the light of these facts. As little as five years hence probably the fuss will seem utterly incomprehensible. Already the change is complete in England. Ramsay MacDonald was attacked for recognizing Russia in 1924; no one attacks him now. He was defeated in the fall election of that year in large part because of a forged letter trumping up a fake Red scare; in the recent campaign Winston Churchill's attempt to raise a Red bogey only bored the British voters. As late as 1927 a group of anti-Bolshevik oil promoters were able to force the Government into the melodramatic Arcos raid which led to a temporary break in formal relations; today even the financiers of the City welcome the return to normalcy. We shall not hold out long in this country.

Essentially, Washington's long refusal to recognize Russia has been an effort to force Russia to revise her legal system and to change her attitude toward the profit system. The effort has been camouflaged—at first with shouts that the Bolsheviks were pro-German, then that their power was waning, then that it was impossible to deal with them anyway—but most of the proclamations of our successive Secretaries of State have not lacked frankness. They have called it insisting that Russia "recognize her international obligations," but their definitions of "international obligations" have been plain enough. Other nations have been permitted to "refund" their debts to us—partial payment in lieu of repudiation. The Russians have not been allowed even to discuss whether and what they should pay. Secretary Hughes used to insist that they must first "demonstrate their good faith," apparently by revising their laws in regard to property.

Business men are less interested in general principles. They have felt their way toward business with Russia slowly, but with vastly more interest in practical results. The Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company have discovered that it works to give the Russians short-term credit for their cotton purchases; the Standard Oil Company has learned that Russian oil is a good buy, Colonel Cooper that the Russians will pay for good dam-building. The General Electric Company and Henry Ford, observing the experience of these others and suspecting that Russia may be the greatest undeveloped market in the world, have offered longer credits and better business terms. Business flows where money is to be made. Its course can hardly be altered by politics, though it may be checked and retarded. The continued refusal of our Government to give diplomatic recognition to Russia deprives our citizens in Russia of consular protection, it makes long-term credit in the United States difficult, and interferes with the flow of gold. Undoubtedly it has delayed the development of American trade with Russia, but that is all. Utterly without effect upon Russia's internal policies, it is a sort of sermon in a vacuum.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

"THERE'S so much unhappiness in the world," says Aunt Clara (Uncle Joe's wife), "that I don't see why we should spend money to see shows and read books that remind us about it."

"The man worth while," she says, "is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong."

The novelists of our day don't cater to Clara very much. She found "All Quiet on the Western Front" extremely sordid. Still, practically all the plays in town are written just to please her. She lives in Pelham and knows very little about Freud or Jung. I tried to convince her once that practically all of what we know as the civilized world is inhibited. She interrupted to say that the last lecturer at the Woman's Study Club had advanced the same claim about Mars.

Maybe it would be just as well to leave Aunt Clara out of the discussion and go on to explain why the so-called gloomy modern novel is really more stimulating to the ego than the aggressively cheerful modern play. Most of us admit that a novel or a play or any form of art is an escape from reality. To be sure, a good many plays in the season just ended were hardly calculated to give anybody much of a start on the bloodhounds.

Consider the most humdrum person of your acquaintance, and you will probably be able to tag him as an inveterate patron of the movies, loud or silent. Lacking romance in real life he gets it by watching Greta Garbo in the moonlight and seeing Douglas Fairbanks jump over gates. Your friend will never be in the moonlight to any serious extent himself, and he would not think of vaulting fences. The screen has amply satisfied his romantic cravings.

The man in the theater, or the man who reads a book, identifies himself with one of the characters—hero or villain as the case may be. While the spell is on he lives the life of that fictional character. Next morning he can punch the time clock with no regrets. An interesting thesis might be written as to the exact relationship between the eyebrows of John Gilbert and the declining rate of marriage in the United States.

Assuming then that art—and for the sake of the argument motion pictures and mystery plays will be included under the heading—takes the place of life for a great many people, what do we find about the pernicious effect of happy novels and plays upon the community in general? Simply, that the man who is addicted to seeing plays and reading books in which everybody performs prodigies of valor and virtue is not ever going to the trouble of doing so much as one good deed a day upon his own account.

A season or so ago I went with a friend to see a play about a kindly man of middle age who adopted an orphan. My friend glowed with as complete a spirit of self-sacrifice as I have ever seen. This mood continued through three acts. He projected himself into the story and felt that he was actually patting ingenues on the head and adopting them and trimming Christmas trees. On the way up town he let me pay for the taxicab and also buy the newspapers. He was curt and short. All his kindly impulses had been drained

off during the performance. He was fit company for no one throughout the entire week.

Being rather more regular in theatergoing than my friend, I failed to make any complete identification with anybody on the stage in this particular piece, but I was also somewhat depressed. The saintly old lady in the play had spoken of "the tinkling laughter of tiny tots" and this made me reflect on the imperfections of life. It did not seem to me at the time as if any of the children in the flat next door can be truly said to tinkle. I felt dissatisfied with things as they are.

One week later I watched "Hamlet" and the effect was precisely the opposite. After they carried the corpses of the dead and dying into the wings I went out into the warm evening walking upon my toes. This was much more like it. Everything in the play tended to make life seem more cheerful. In many respects the young Prince was ever so much worse off than I was. And he, too, mentioned his need of getting rid of excess flesh. After observing the rotten state of affairs in Denmark, my penthouse apartment in Fifty-eighth Street seemed entirely satisfactory.

I hope next year will provide us with an ample quantity of Ibsen, for he's an author even more inspiring to the distressed than William Shakespeare. It is no accident that the Scandinavian drama is generally gloomy. Ibsen understood the psychology of his countrymen. He lived in a land of long, cold winters and poor steam heat. If he had written joyfully and light-heartedly, thousands, well say hundreds, of Norwegians would have gone home to die or at least to harbor such a wish. Instead he gave them folk like Oswald, and all the Norse playgoers went into the night skipping and laughing.

And for some reason which I can't explain, tragedy whets the appetite for food. "Ghosts" goes better with ham and eggs than any play I know. In fact at times when Oswald has dallied a bit in dissolution I've found my mind wandering away from the tragic situation into a speculation as to whether a preliminary order of pancakes would be too heavy at such a later hour. After seeing "Ghosts" there is no place like Dave's Blue Room with all the smoke and chatter.

I wish the Broadway dramatists of today were half as shrewd as Ibsen. Then we should have plays in which the heroine's mother failed to raise the mortgage and lost the old homestead in the very last scene. If she tottered out to starvation in a blinding snowstorm I might be minded to forget how perfectly abominable all my luck has been at poker in these last three months. I might even appreciate our janitor if only the old lady would wring her hands just before the final curtain and exclaim, "How bitter is the wind tonight!"

And if the wild young men and wilder women in these younger generation pieces would only cease reforming for the sake of a happy ending. Always they climb back to respectability out of degradation. It makes me weep to watch them, but when the thing is ended the sorrow has never been sufficient to come between me and the pancakes.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Uncle Sam's Electric Empire

By PAUL BLANSHARD

WHEN the prosperous citizen of Chile presses an electric-light button in his Santiago house the current that floods the bulbs comes from the Chile Electric Company which is owned by the South American Power Company which is owned by the American and Foreign Power Company which is owned by the Electric Bond and Share Company which is owned by certain persons in the United States who have surplus money. When he lifts the receiver from the telephone he is buying a privilege from the Chile Telephone Company, Limited, which is owned by the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation of New York. When he rides to Valparaiso on the newly electrified Chilean State Railways he is using the electric equipment made by the Westinghouse Electric. And so on.

The story of Uncle Sam's expanding electric empire in Latin America is the latest, and in many ways the most dramatic, chapter of American economic conquest. The world war for oil, coal, and rubber still goes on; the war for the control and development of electric power is just beginning. As in so many other economic contests the chief figures in this struggle are the United States and Great Britain, with the United States forging steadily into the lead. One New York company already controls more than half of all the telephones of Latin America. Another controls through its subsidiaries one-third to one-half of all Latin-American power. With the power and the telephones go cables, telegraph lines, and radio communications.

The extent of our new electric empire was revealed in outline by the recent annual report of the American and Foreign Power Company, the investment subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company which is the second-largest power concern in the United States. In the year 1928 the American and Foreign increased its investment accounts \$177,000,000, taking control of companies in Argentina, Chile, Mexico, Cuba, Brazil, Colombia, and Costa Rica. Notable among its purchases were four great British and Canadian concerns, the Whitehall Electric Investments, Limited, which did a \$15,000,000 business in Valparaiso (Chile) and in Vera Cruz, Tampico, Puebla, Cordoba, and Orizaba (Mexico); the Atlas Light and Power Company, Limited, which owned the power and traction facilities of four cities in Argentina; the Northern Mexico Power and Development Company, Limited, and the North State Power Company, Limited, both of which operated in Chihuahua. As if this conquest of what had been British economic territory were not enough the American and Foreign entered the sacred precincts of Shanghai where the diehard British majority on the Municipal Council finally sold the electric plants of the International Settlement to the American firm after it outbid all British competitors. On December 31, 1928, the American and Foreign Power Company controlled the electric light and power service of 627 communities in Latin America, and the expansion of the company's territory is continuing at a dizzy pace.

In addition to the American and Foreign, the other great pioneer of our new electric empire is the International

Telephone and Telegraph Company which operates in its chosen field of electrical communication. Like its counterpart in the field of power development it has specialized in the last two years in buying up competing companies and consolidating them until today it controls half the telephones in Latin America and is assuming a commanding place in the control of cable and radio communication. It owns 200,000 telephones in Argentina alone. Since 1926 it has bought up two telephone systems in Uruguay, the Argentina monopoly, the chief Chilean concern, and the dominating company of southern Brazil. Only one other British concern in South America today can compare with it, the Brazilian Traction Company, which is owned in Canada and operates in central Brazil. The International since 1926 has also acquired All-America Cables and the Mackay-Postal Telegraph and Cable system, making it possible to compete on at least even terms with the new British communications combine throughout Latin America. Its assets are almost four hundred millions. Through its newly acquired radio rights in Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru and through its subsidiaries in Argentina and Chile it hopes to build up a South American network of radio communication that will touch every important point on the continent.

Superior showmanship and surplus wealth are the two chief factors in the building of this new empire. When the American and Foreign goes into a Latin-American town it tears down the old and usually dilapidated headquarters, erects a display plant on a display corner, and uses every artifice of big show-windows, conspicuous elegance, and real comfort in advertising new lighting methods, vacuum cleaners, electric irons, refrigerators, and fans. In one city in Brazil it gave away "electric waffles" in the public park to barefoot Indians. At a Chilean county fair it presented an elaborate display of everything electrical from cow-milkers to sawmills. In one small city, Guatemala, it has sold over 600 electric ranges. It is breaking down the sales resistance of the Latin Americans with increasing success. Exports of American electric equipment are now higher than they ever were, totaling over 110 millions last year, most of which went to the Western Hemisphere. These exports jumped more than eight millions last year while exports of British electric equipment have stood still for several years. Last March Brazil and Cuba, for example, each bought \$31,000 worth of American electric refrigerators, and Argentina purchased \$90,000 worth of our radio receiving sets. Already more than half of the electrical equipment of the world is made in the United States, chiefly by General Electric and Westinghouse, and this reckoning does not include the great equipment factories of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company in Europe. How rapidly we are displacing the British in the whole Latin-American field is revealed by the fact that our total Latin-American capital issues in 1928 were four times those of the British.

The Latin-American electric market is almost boundless. It is not surprising that prophets of our economic future are bullish when they contemplate it. The telephone which has

been accepted as a necessity in the United States is still in most parts of Latin America a luxury. We have sixteen telephones for every 100 people, Latin America has sixty-five hundredths of one telephone. If American firms can bring Latin-American consumption to the level which they have achieved in Cuba, two telephones for each 100 people, they will be able to treble the present Latin-American schedule and bring the number of customers to more than two million. Today there are about 725,000 telephones in all Latin America while we have nearly twenty million. Brazil, which is larger than the United States, has fewer telephones than Milwaukee.

In the present state of the public mind the financing of our electric expansion in the South is as simple as taking up a collection. Every time one of the great power concerns which carries on its list of directors the names of an Owen Young, or a Charles Mitchell, wishes to invest in new companies it passes the hat. Lured by the magic reputation of power stocks the little and big investors rush to the counter and fill the company's coffers with all that is needed. The method is as follows:

The American company sees a British concern in possession of a South American territory. Usually the British concern is solid, conservative, and timid in its salesmanship. Believing in the great future profits to be reaped from electric expansion the Americans approach the British and suggest purchase. The British do not surrender easily; they demand a price 50 per cent higher than present earnings justify. The Americans promptly compromise on a 25 per cent overvaluation. They buy the British plant without expending a cent of their current funds by a new issue of common stock to their preferred stock-holders who are given the chance to buy at a price somewhat below the official market figure. It is a gamble in future values which the American investor is willing to take, and the present lords of the power industry are quite willing to have him take it because they are so situated in the inner circle of investment that they can realize the maximum on their own holdings with little risk. The American and Foreign Power Company has never paid a cent of dividends on its common stock but it has been able to raise millions for speculating in new developments by offering its common stock as a free bonus to the original purchasers of preferred, and by selling new issues of such common to its preferred stock-holders for \$25 a share. That the gamble has been justified in the speculative sense is shown by the fact that the common stock given away as a bonus when the company was formed is now selling at \$108 a share. This does not mean that the immediate dividends from our new electric empire are large. It simply means that investors think the electrification of Latin America is inevitable and that pioneer companies with a vigorous salesmanship can some day reap large profits from the control of a public necessity.

Power leads to politics, and the whole lesson of our economic expansion in Latin America is that investors from the United States use governments to insure and increase their profits. If the power interests can defy, purchase, and outmaneuver the leaders of government in the United States, how much more easily can they manipulate the governments of Latin America! These governments are weak and poor; it takes less money to buy their officials than is needed to purchase college professors and editors in the United States.

Take Cuba as an example. In Cuba the American power interests have not stopped with the purchase of a Senator or an editor here and there: the President himself has served them faithfully both in and out of office. Before becoming President of Cuba Gerardo Machado was a relatively poor man who had been made vice-president and purchasing agent of the Compañía Cubana de Electricidad, which is the Cuban subsidiary of American and Foreign Power. Taking office under the most suspicious circumstances, it is charged that he continued to act as vice-president of the power company until the Havana *El Dia*, edited by Armando André, fearlessly exposed his power connections. Then Major André, like so many of President Machado's enemies, was mysteriously assassinated. Meanwhile, since becoming President, Machado has put through the Cuban legislature an astounding law exempting the power companies from past and future taxation, a privilege which has not been extended to other Cuban industries. Since the power industry of Cuba is controlled almost entirely by the American and Foreign Power Company, this is a direct gift to President Machado's former employers. For good measure the Machado Government wiped off the Cuban tax books two millions in back taxes owed by the Havana Electric Railway, Light, and Power Company, a subsidiary of the Compañía Cubana de Electricidad. Machado's brother, Congressman Carlos Machado, even tried to persuade the Cuban Legislature to grant franchises to light and power companies in perpetuity but for some reason or other the legislators balked.

Now President Machado is reported to be a very rich man, and the American power interests are well content with him and his administration, which is scheduled to last until 1935, since Machado broke his pledge not to ask reelection. They dominate the whole Cuban field and charge what is said to be one of the highest rates in the world. In 1927 while the average electric rate for domestic and rural consumers in the United States was 6.8 cents per kilowatt hour the Cuban people were paying 17 cents. The Compañía Cubana de Electricidad, after being attacked for extortion by that small section of the Cuban press which dares to criticize, finally and magnanimously lowered its rate to 15 cents in view of the fact that it had been exempted from taxation. In Ontario under the public ownership of the Ontario Hydro Electric Commission domestic light and power sells for an average of 2.08 cents. In Guatemala a subsidiary of the American and Foreign company sells power for 6 cents a kilowatt hour.

In nearly all the Latin-American countries the regulatory system is feeble and inadequate. It is easy to imagine some future Latin Senator Norris storming against the overvaluations and excessive rates of the privileged power interests who have the consumers at their mercy. His protests, we predict, will be futile, for by that time the forty-six leading dailies, seventy-four weeklies, and nineteen, more or less, monthlies which control Latin-American public opinion will probably be owned by a pretty corporation with some such a name as the South American People's Press, Incorporated, which will be owned by the South American Paper and Power Company, which will be owned by the International Power Syndicate of New York, which will be owned by certain persons in the United States who are fortunate enough to have surplus money.

Flying from Ocean to Ocean

By M. DE M. PORTER

*How can I but as here chanting, invite you for yourself
to collect bouquets of the incomparable feuillage of
these States?*

—WALT WHITMAN

"Leaves of Grass," Our Old Feuillage

YOU are great, Walt Whitman, for this one reason among many others: you saw with the eyes of your spirit what I saw with the eyes of my body: the magnitude of these States, their united diversity, the uniqueness of each one, which makes them all submit joyously to a superficial uniformity.

In one day and one night and yet another half of a day, I came from the Pacific to the Atlantic. I saw both oceans and what lay between: California, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York.

I saw these as they are, freed from the distortion of space and time, freed from the limitation of my paces, and the limitation given by the height at which my eyes can see when I stand; freed from the prison of the motionless horizon of those who become the center of any landscape or seascape they contemplate.

I saw your States, my States, in relation to each other only, with the boundaries that they really have and the essential distinctions which they had before men gave them the distinctions of their names. I saw them as they are now, but also as they were in the distant past, when they were shaping and building themselves.

I saw America in one sweep, I held the width of it in one glance, I spanned it with my outstretched arms.

California. The earth is still sleeping in the blankets of mist, still warm of yesterday's sun, but the sky is awake, newly washed by the dawn.

The aeroplane is all silver, like the surrounding sky, and her slender frame vibrates in the wind.

We have already lost sight of Los Angeles, and, one by one, as we would the beads of a rosary, we drop town after town. I look down on the houses and the gardens and the roads; on the orange groves—curly-headed, prim trees on parade. I can see the fields, also. (O little men, little men, do gather your hay in neat little piles! It is of very great importance indeed.)

We are so high now that we seem to be motionless, having caged space between our four wings.

We are crossing the mountains, crouched like big mangy animals; the grass and the trees are rare on their patient backs. I notice that fir trees alone resist the distortion of perspective; they keep their familiar shape, and I do not doubt their identity; but those bushes there, perhaps, are mighty oaks.

The desert—a symphony of tans—shapes and color-values, no meaning, no reason, or explanation; nature for nature's sake, and not for use by man.

And suddenly, amid the impersonal brown of the plain, a wide stretch of green—water; vegetation welcoming the

sun, with all the certitude of its moistened roots. Water—the age-long symbol of motion and life and change. Water, which peoples the sky as well as the earth, for the sky would be empty but for clouds or rain or fog or mist.

Will man some day, with dams and pipes, and the machines brought forth from his brain, fill this waste with towns and gardens and fields? O citizen of these States, with plenty of elbow-room today within your boundaries, will your children tomorrow, in need of more land, be able to put the desert to work, to make it feed and clothe them? Already the twin arrow of the railroad track has laid the seal of man on this solitude.

Las Vegas, Nevada; a railroad town. Need I say more? Need I describe it? Need I speak of the men and women who have dug wells and planted trees and built streets and settled here? They play golf at the edge of the desert, and laughingly say that they bury their dead in overcoats to prevent them from freezing in hell.

You may not care for geology; the formation of the earth may be of remote interest to you; you may have no curiosity concerning the continent where you were born, but how could you remain indifferent if you had seen, as I did, the bottoms of seas that had been; stretches of sand still holding up some forgotten island, dejectedly waiting for the tide that will never come back to restore its aloofness.

I have seen mountains—the symbol of strength and solidity—which could not conceal the decadent shapes of their liquid past, nor the heavy folds of their syrupy origin.

I can better love these States now that I know their weaknesses as well as their glory, and they cannot bluff me with their brand new make-up of trees and cities and skin-deep sod.

You must be very proud of your name, Utah. You have painted a gigantic white U on the side of the mountain, thus protecting yourself from anonymity. But do you know that that initial of yours looks like one of the flour letters the child finds in his soup and forgets on the side of the plate? And Salt Lake City, your capital, laid out in equal squares, nestles at the bottom of the drained plate. Poplar-bordered roads lead to it, framing green fields.

I turn my back to the setting sun. The lemon sky behind the mauve hills is reflected by thousands of odd-shaped lagoons. I am going toward the snow-powdered range, flying into another sky, heavy with clouds and evening.

The ship gathers all of her possibilities of strength and speed. She rears and roars, impatient to conquer the range. She cannot falter nor rest; she must reach at once the safety of altitude, where she will be beyond the reach of the air-currents lying in wait for her in the valleys.

I can see peak after peak, solitary and silent. I can see the shadows where men live, following the curves of the river. Yet I do not share either the solitude of the peaks, or the companionship of the valleys. I listen to the song of the motor. If it were to stop, my falling body would have no other use than to be the improvised yardstick by which

to measure the distance which separates me from death.

The plain now. A flock of sheep, oval and white, like a handful of spilled rice. Then a farm washed by rains and bleached by the sun, with a fence around it, containing all the life thereof.

How vast and rolling you are, Wyoming! How unconcerned about man, and yet gentle in your indifference. You welcome the houses and the roads, for you make them your own; they lose the aggressiveness of their individual shapes and colors, they have to fit themselves to you.

I am not on the earth looking up to the sky. I am between them both, and, with my eye, I blend them, a little of each, until the picture is complete. I do not doubt now that each sky is made to fit the land it caps; flat skies for the plain, tumbling skies of rounded clouds for the mountain country.

The great meadows have stopped. A fortress of greenish-gray stone stands watching, defending the waste land. Defending it from that petrified dragon with thousands of feet clawing the ground.

Because you have no trees and no grass, you made, O little town, all your roofs bright green and you look like a lawn amid the rocks!

It rains. If I were on earth I should only know the rain; but now I can ignore it and turn my face toward the north, where I can see, through an opening in the clouds all bathed in golden dust, the snowy range of the Canadian Rockies. For me there are five different landscapes with five different weathers. Over there it is going to rain tomorrow (the sunset is too red and the mountains too blue against the sky); on that side, the evening promises a peaceful dawn; while there, night is sulkily creeping alone, ignoring the storm in the south.

Look! at the straight edge of the plain, which I believed to be endless, a mass of unspotted white. Have the billowy clouds settled on the horizon? It is the sunshine on the face of some hills which I will reach presently.

A cement road without a curve. Why should it bend? There are neither towns to avoid or approach, nor rivers to jump over, nor hills to enfold. Are there even people to travel on it? And where does it lead?

You are sleepy now, Wyoming, and you think the whole world is sleepy also, because you cannot see, as I do, the West still parading your hand-me-down sunset?

The hum of the ship fills the night, which the clouds prevent from being all moonlit; but the wily rivulets catch whatever moonlight there is and make patterns in the emptiness below.

Another day, which should not have come yet, were it not for the silver bird on which I ride.

As far as I can see, the prairie with short grass and unconvincing bushes. The horizon is but a line, as at sea. Not a tree cracks the sky. Are there countries where men suffer from overcrowding, while this infinity exists exclusively for the benefit of the sky, offering its distances as a gift to the sky, which does not need them?

Yellow flowers, white ponies. I walk in the wet grass. We had to come down, lest we be ground between the green disk of the prairie and the gray disk of the descending fog—the only master, the impalpable fear of the air. It dissolves

direction, it swallows light, it fills every crevice of sky and earth with its blind dread. We will wait, we are waiting. Yesterday at last is catching up with us.

Not quite. We are back again where there are no shadows except our own, where our eyes can choose their images, avoiding the compulsion of the immediate.

Nebraska, you are still spacious, yet you have softened and mellowed. You are the fertile plain with many houses hidden between trees, and many brooks, and a variety of little round knolls. You have submitted yourself to furrowing and planting. Your geometrical patterns are confined within two colors, but unlimited are the shades of greens and browns repeating themselves into infinity. The acid new green and the deep softness of the full-grown leaf or blade. How dark the upturned sod is in places, and in others it is that indefinite pink tan which reminds me of the neck of the turtle dove.

It is Sunday; thus there are no tillers to disturb my illusions with the reality of human toil.

A graveyard encircles a church. White tombs. Four people stand among the dead—a shiny new car has brought them. They lift their heads as we fly by.

We frighten the chickens and all the birds. The pigs roll like balls into their pens; cows are merely curious, if not busy chewing, and slowly follow us with their upturned blank faces. A little wood. How many picnics and trystings has it known? The soil in Iowa is chrome colored. It has lost the deep purple quality it had in Nebraska.

I salute you, Mississippi, Father of Waters, lying flat, peaceful, and yellow between your wooded banks. I recognize you, Illinois, because of your roads which lure motor cars with their smooth expanse. And I remark that farmers do not play golf.

Of Chicago I can say nothing. It is so shrouded in its veil of smoke that I cannot escape the irony of comparing it to an Eastern woman. You keep your beauty for your own men, O Lady of the Lake!

Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey. I must call out your names all in one, as you have given yourself so completely to man that you have lost your uniqueness. Or is it because you have sacrificed yourselves to shield your fellow-States from conquest? Patiently you remain imprisoned in the net of railroads and highways. You are manacled by cities, weighed down by factories and tall buildings.

I watch with detachment the shifting scenes of human endeavor. If only I could retain my present perspective!

The sky is to my right, the earth to my left; yet I have only an optical knowledge of my position; I could still believe myself perpendicular to the ground. I will never again contest the relativity of all things. I know better. You will not catch me championing the absolute any longer.

Look at me, Manhattan! I am rich with the gold of California, the deserts of Nevada and Utah, the spaciousness of Wyoming, the fertility of Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, the factories of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York. I am bringing you a continent.

You can be proud, indeed, O City of Cities, to be the daughter of these States, their favorite child, the fulfilment of their gigantic dreams.

Via Air Mail route, May, 1929

Captain Coll—Legionnaire

By C. E. PAYNE

Seattle, Washington, June 10

TALL, slim, very straight in figure, born in western Connecticut of Irish-born parents, trained and by nature inclined to an abiding faith in the power of inherent integrity and honest Americanism, student at Louvain University until his studies were interrupted by German shells, captain in the United States army and with his command in France twenty-one months during the Great War, once service officer and still a member of an American Legion Post in Washington, insurance solicitor with no employment because of his past eight months' course of action, a hearty handclasp, a pleasant smile—such is a brief description of Edward Patrick Coll, American Legionnaire and blood cousin of Eamon De Valera.

What has he done that he is out of employment? He has acted as a conscience for the American Legion, the same legion that was used as a catspaw by certain powerful interests to cause the death of five men in Centralia, Washington, on Armistice Day, 1919, and that later helped force the unjust conviction and incarceration of eight others as a result of that tragedy. Let him state his own case:

"My work as an insurance man in Hoquiam and Aberdeen has taken me into practically every business place in these communities. I have mingled with the workers in the mills. I have conversed with people of every walk of life in their homes. Seeing that I was a member of the legion, many people to my surprise expressed themselves as dissatisfied with the legion, owing to the part that the organization played in the Centralia trouble.

"Moved by these sincere statements and being at that time unfamiliar with the facts in the case, I began a careful study of the entire Centralia tragedy."

He began the study to prove the legion men were not in the wrong, that people who criticized them were misinformed. He wished to clear the legion's name.

"When I arrived in the State of Washington in March, 1928, my only knowledge of the Centralia trouble was the memory of former press reports stating that members of the I. W. W. had formed a plot and without the least provocation had brutally fired upon an Armistice Day parade of ex-service men and four veterans had been killed."

Captain Coll once asked for a frank discussion of the Centralia case in the Legion Post and it had been promised. Then a prominent member told him no such discussion could take place, because it contained "enough dynamite to wreck the post." Also, that the whole case would be passed over in silence by the coming State convention of the legion. "Imagine my surprise a few days later when the newspapers told us that the convention had passed a resolution opposing the pardoning of the Walla Walla prisoners!

"I was curious to discover who was responsible for the resolution that opposed the liberating of the prisoners at Walla Walla. I was frankly told that it was 'Chet' Cunningham of Centralia. This same C. D. Cunningham was counsel for the prosecution along with W. H. Abel, who has since the trial petitioned the Governor to release the prisoners.

"The vital question in the Centralia tragedy has always been: 'Who began the attack?' Well, the Parole Board today has the sworn affidavits of about thirty Centralia citizens stating that members of the Centralia division in the Armistice Day parade broke ranks and began the attack. Three affiants, former friends of Warren O. Grimm who was one of those killed, even admit that they saw him breaking in the door of the I. W. W. hall before a shot was fired.

"Then there are the sworn statements of seven of the jurors repudiating their verdict in the light of present-day facts. Many members of the American Legion have told me the attack was begun by the Centralia ex-service men. Some of the Legionnaires even mentioned the names of men who had helped lynch Wesley Everest."

Captain Coll once stated: "I charge C. D. Cunningham with being guilty of murder. And I hope he libels me for it." But the glint in his eyes promised no easy time for one trying it.

"Now just why did those legionnaires in Centralia kill Wesley Everest and send Eugene Barnett to the penitentiary on a framed-up charge of murder? I will tell you! Wesley Everest fired at the legionnaires in self-defense and in defense of his constitutional rights as an American citizen. Had he not been murdered he could, and doubtless would, have claimed responsibility for killing all four legionnaires and thus have exonerated all the others whom the men back of the legionnaires wanted out of the way.

"And why did they frame Barnett? Because he had been in the front room of the Roderick Hotel alongside the I. W. W. hall when the raid took place and had seen it all from the very start. He had been talking with the couple who owned the hotel and could have proved every statement he would have made. The prosecution knew that he could prove there had been a raid by the legionnaires. So they made him a defendant to keep him from being a witness, and to do that they placed him across the street in the upper window of the Avalon Hotel with a blazing rifle in his hands.

"I have been charged with being a 'Red.' But I am not. I am not working for the release of the eight men now in Walla Walla penitentiary because they are I. W. W. What I am trying to do is to clear the good name of the American Legion, and this can be done only by a partial measure of belated justice in having those eight innocent men released. Already the legion has suffered through the star-chamber activities of some of its members who are unable to see the handwriting on the wall.

"As in the famous Dreyfus case in France, so in this State of Washington a great wrong has been done and the innocent party has suffered. Yet the day is coming when the prison doors will open to liberate the innocent Walla Walla prisoners, for a day of justice will yet dawn when the memorial statue on the pedestal in that city park of Centralia will assume the appearance of the battered and mutilated Wesley Everest, and beneath that statue will be inscribed the terrible indictment: 'Mobbed and lynched for upholding his constitutional rights.'"

Captain Coll did at one time pin Cunningham down to a discussion of the Centralia case in his Legion Post. When the latter had been driven from one position to another until he could no longer claim justification for his actions, he exclaimed: "Even if we admit that those within the hall had a right to shoot, that does not give those over on the hill any justification for shooting."

To this Coll replied: "Listen, Cunningham. In my neighbor's yard, not far from my home in Aberdeen, there is a big tree that commands a view of both entrances to that home. If I hear that you are coming with a mob to raid my home, I will get behind that tree with every gun I can lay my hands on, and when you do come I will shoot every damn one of you."

So Captain Coll is no longer employed to solicit insurance and has moved from Aberdeen with his family. A few workers are contributing funds for a meager living for the family so that Coll himself can go about the State of Washington trying to free the innocent Centralia men and remove the stigma from the American Legion which declares its purpose to be

"To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, State, and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good-will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of Justice, Freedom, and Democracy."

White Mice

By FRANCIS McALLISTER

IT was at Paszkowski's in Firenze. Paszkowski's is a cafe which faces upon Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. It consists of one long room with a raised stage for an orchestra and many tables, and another room with more tables where unescorted "ladies" may take their ease. Together, these rooms form the letter L. One goes to Paszkowski's to drink beer and listen to the music. The music is indifferent. The beer is not as good as Pilsener—it is not even as good as Alsatian brew. It is too sweet, and also very strong. I had happened to stray to this cafe because I did not know any better. I was new to Italy, having landed at Genoa the week before.

On the night in question the place was packed. It seemed to me that at least half the population of Firenze was present. I could not imagine how they had all got in. The plate-glass windows made the place appear like an aquarium, an aquarium so replete with fish that the occasional flick of a tail was the only motion possible.

After circumnavigating the room several times, I found a table. It was a table of six seats, located in an obscure corner. Only one seat was occupied. An elderly man sat there, a man with humorous dark eyes and an iron-gray beard. He wore baggy, black clothes, and his tie might have been arranged by a sail-maker. But I liked his appearance. When I seated myself, he smiled pleasantly and bowed. I said, "Good evening," and he answered, "Good evening, signore." He made no comment while I was ordering my beer.

The orchestra began to play excerpts from "Aïda," mangling the music brutally. I shuddered, and the elderly man gave vent to a chuckle. "It is frightful, isn't it?" he said.

I replied that it was not only frightful but actually criminal, whereupon he roared with mirth. I decided that I liked him immensely.

"You are no Italian," he said presently. "One may gather that from your accent. Oh, American? So—what a pity that I speak no English. But perhaps you would be at home with French?"

I changed to that tongue gladly. Matters became much more simple. My companion plied me with questions about

New York and the United States in general, and, after a time, said, "Now tell me what you think of us," emphasizing his inquiry with an all-embracing wave of the hand.

I replied guardedly. I had been warned that free speech was a vice south of the Alps. This man, for all I knew, might be an ingratiating *agent provocateur*. But he would have no ambiguity. "I can see that you dislike us," he said. "You do not enjoy Italy as a spectacle of efficiency. So—I will tell you a little riddle. I myself escape it by keeping several white mice in my home. I keep them in a wicker cage."

I was puzzled and somewhat startled. I began to wonder if I had an amiable maniac for a drinking-mate. Before I could formulate an adequate reply, two men approached our table. One of these muttered "—permesso," and both took chairs.

The first was tall and lean and wore the uniform of the Air Force. The second, small, nervous, and plump, had a rimless monocle fixed in his right eye, and in his lapel sported an enameled emblem of red, white, and green with gilt fasces and the letters "P. N. F." (Partita Nazionale Fascista) imposed upon it. As they came up my new friend said, "Sh!" Then he began to talk once more of America.

The aviator regarded us with disfavor. "Well," he remarked to his companion, "it seems that they talk French."

The other said: "A hideous language. It lacks grace."

Under the table I felt myself kicked by the elderly man. Perhaps he had seen the anger in my eye. I said "Uh" instinctively. He had kicked me rather hard.

The monocled one said: "Also, it would seem that one of them grunts—much in the manner of a prize pig."

Very politely, the elderly man requested a match of the aviator, speaking in Italian. And as the other handed him a patent lighter he added: "If our French happens to annoy you, signore, there are other tables. I myself am Sicilian, but the signorino is from America and our language is not easy for him."

The monocled one said hastily, "Not at all—not at all." His companion added, "Excuse us, signore. We now understand. We thought you both from France, and the French are hardly popular."

"They either do not comprehend the strength of Fascismo or are jealous of it," said the monocled one.

Endeavoring to be tactful, I remarked in my best Italian: "It is always difficult, the question of understanding between nations."

The aviator said: "It means nothing if we are understood or not. Nothing! If necessary, we can impose our will. . . . Italy today is not the Italy of 1913 or even of 1918. Even you, a foreigner, can see that. Under Fascismo, Italy is a giant awakened from refreshing sleep."

I said: "How very interesting! But don't expect me to realize this all at once. I've been in the country but a week."

"Ah," said the monocled one, "then you have had only a glimpse. You shall see, signore! Our army becomes the most formidable in Europe. Our ships are on all seas. Everyone works—for the sake of the state rather than for gain. Even Rome is to be rebuilt and its ancient splendor restored."

"Yes," said the aviator, "Mussolini is a surgeon and Fascismo the knife which cuts away decadence." He made a slashing gesture in the air with his forefinger to illustrate the point.

At this moment two more men approached and saluted those already present in the Roman fashion. The twin prophets of rejuvenated Italy responded in kind. There were explanations of my nationality, and it appeared that I was to be converted to ways of righteousness on the spot. I was told of the marvels of standardization. This, they said, I should comprehend and value since I was an American. I was also told how the railways were being electrified, how the lira was on the ascendent, how poverty was to be entirely abolished, how a tax was to be put upon bachelors, and how, under Mussolini, the Fascist Government had assumed a pre-eminent place in world affairs. "What we need, must have, and *will* have," said the aviator, "is more territory. We are overpopulated and will find an outlet, no matter at what cost. For this we will fight to the death!" His conviction charmed me.

Meanwhile, the elderly man watched silently. I thought there was a smile lurking somewhere behind his eyes. Suddenly the smile took shape and emerged in the form of a remark. "There is only one thing that Fascismo has not done—it has failed to produce a single artist!"

The assembled disciples were ruffled. Objections arose like a small gale. Was not Il Duce himself a true artist, they asked? Did not his love of music and his concepts in architecture show this? And in any case literature and art would soon be subsidized by the state. I gathered that men like Pirandello and Carducci were to be produced en masse by the government at need.

"Yes," said the elderly man, "but subsidized genius becomes sycophantic posing."

He arose to go in the middle of a shower of dark glances. Courteously, he offered to guide me to my hotel. I accepted with pleasure; I was finding the new Italy a trifle overwhelming. As the elderly man was putting on his coat, the monocled one took occasion to whisper to me, with an air of great importance: "Beware of that one, signore! You do not understand these things as I do. He is a most sinister character."

In silence we walked to Via Tornabuoni. Hard by the bulk of the Palazzo Strozzi, the elderly man paused. "No doubt," he said, "you are still wondering just why I keep

white mice in a wicker cage. It is a little joke, that, for the mice could gnaw their way out in a trice had they the wit to see it. Thus, playing a game, I say to myself that I am Il Duce, and that the mice are the Italian people. Sometimes I poke them with a match and watch them scurry. Yet, as I say, they could gnaw their way out in a trice. Now do you see?"

I saw a great deal. Mice struck me as unique symbols—unique as a method of expressing an opinion without committing oneself. The elderly man pointed down the street. "On that farther corner," he said, "my brother-in-law was beaten to death by the Fascisti. Doubtless it was a step necessary in the rebuilding of Italy. My sister died of shock a day later. So I—I play with white mice, like any patient old fellow."

In the Driftway

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "the Shifter," and gives his address "at present" as Los Angeles, California, sends along a letter in which he says:

I often wish that out of all the thick smoke of discussion of the cigarette advertisements someone would emerge long enough to see that the tobacco companies have taken the wickedness out of cigarettes and put morality into them, have evolved a persuasion that the ladies may "reach" or "walk a mile" without stooping too much, have probably reduced to ashes the hopes of the Anti-Cigarette League for another prohibition amendment in the Constitution, and have (for this relief much thanks) saved us from a bitter taste of bootleg cigarettes.

And I have thought that you are the one to emerge and see and tell of these benefits which the tobacco companies have given us by exaggerating goodness no more than the anti-cigareteters exaggerate badness. In what no doubt you have often been told is "your own inimitable way," you might elaborate on the possibilities of bootleg smokes by going back into our youths to the days when we suffered the monoxide of buggy-whip, dry corn-silk, coffee, sage-leaf, Q-beb berries, and other such substitutes.

* * * * *

HARDLY any one will dispute that the cigarette is now not only respectable but fashionable—something of a contradiction in an age in which, generally speaking, respectability is not fashionable. But the advertising of the cigarette manufacturers, although an important recent influence, should not get all the credit (or blame) for the evolution. What may be called the respectabilization of the cigarette has been going on for a quarter of a century, and the one greatest boost was given by the Young Men's Christian Association during America's participation in the World War. Before the cigarette was made respectable among women it had first to be made respectable among men. When the Drifter was a boy in the Middle West no man smoked cigarettes. Men smoked cigars or pipes; cigarettes were used only by dudes and other scum from the "effete East." Little by little cigarettes climbed the social ladder, but to many persons they were still "coffin nails" (believed to be more noxious to health than cigars or pipes) until 1917. Up to that time, too, smoking of any sort was forbidden in the sacred precincts of Y. M. C. A. buildings all

over the country. But under the great moral uplift of universal bloodshed the Y. M. C. A. had a change of heart; it sold, and gave away thousands of packages of "coffin nails" in regions where there was no time for coffins.

* * * * *

AS a boy the best surreptitious smokes which the Drifter enjoyed (or did he?) were from puffing the dried pods of the catalpa tree. These pods, when dry and brown, had much the appearance of a Pittsburgh stogie, and probably tasted about as good. The Drifter used to make his pipes from acorns. They were beautiful though small. Corn-silk never seemed to be much good as fuel. It all went up in a puff and a dark-brown taste. The Drifter tried tea and various combinations of grasses and leaves from trees. Generally it was more fun to gather and blend than to smoke them (an admission which the Drifter may guardedly make at this date but could not have been wrung from him at the time). Cotton was perhaps the best substitute for tobacco which he ever tried. Tobacco itself was unthinkable; its use by a boy would have sent him to hell without benefit of clergy or purgatory.

* * * * *

NO, now that the women have adopted cigarettes there is no danger of a Twentieth Amendment (against smoking). One wonders if the women had adopted the cocktail before instead of after prohibition if there would have been an Eighteenth Amendment or a Volstead law.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Stet!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two justices: One for the skirt, one for the pants. Excuse me, my dear reader, for the phrase, but only with these words can I express the spirit of the following facts:

In Staten Island a young man killed not long ago a girl because she made improper advances to him. The young man is behind the bars for many long, long years. What had happen if the girl had killed the young man for the same reasons? All the hysterical women societies had jumped to their feet to protect the honor of the sex! Has a young man no sex honor?

In Long Island a man was sent to jail because he committed bigamy in which his own legal wife assisted him and the wife No. 2 knew very well that she is acting against the law. In this case only the man was convicted. Now it happened that a woman committed bigamy in New Jersey and the man and another woman knew about it; the circumstances were the same as in Long Island with the reverse actors—but in New Jersey again the man was he who was sent to the prison and not the woman who took without legalities her second husband!

A woman in the Bronx is in conspiracy with a few men to accomplish a robbery; part of the men are already in the jail, the other half on a second trial—and the lady? She is the star witness and will go free in a robbery in which she had the leading part! In another robbery the young man gets fifteen years, the lady with the gun in the hand is sent to the reformatory or such thing for six months; in still another case the he-robber got two and one-half years, the she-robber one hundred—dollars fine!

Five drunken people were brought in to the courthouse;

the four drunken ladies got suspended sentences, the drunken bum-man got fifteen days jail. This plain facts I collected within a short time here in New York from the newspapers. But I dare not to waggle with my head, it might be interpreted as contempt of the court and I'm not willing to go "up the river" in the high university for criminals on account of that judges who help to disrespect the laws.

New York, June 20

L. LAKATOS

Sagacity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The difficulty that the Germans have had in placing their bond issue even after extending the time, finding it so insufficiently subscribed, suggests that the Germans have an underlying feeling that their grandchildren will not be inclined to pay debts they did not contract, and, which they conclude, were of no benefit to them. In many editorials like yours I find questions asked as to whether the United States will exact the full payment or any payment for the last twenty or thirty of the fifty-seven years. Is it not probable that the Germans were willing to concede almost anything provided that the payment did not come too soon, well knowing that public opinion would neither require nor sanction the payment of these debts after a few years?

New York, June 19

BOLTON HALL

Strike Relief

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief wishes to thank readers of *The Nation* for contributions toward strike relief. Since May 1 the committee has transmitted more than \$6,000 for necessary relief to striking textile workers in the South and striking shoe workers in Massachusetts. Specifically, \$4,550 has been sent to the rayon strikers in Elizabethton, Tennessee; \$1,000 to the textile strikers near Greenville, South Carolina; \$500 to the United Shoe Workers in Boston, Massachusetts, and \$50 to the textile strikers in Gastonia, North Carolina, through the Workers' International Relief. This relief has been of inestimable importance, but is not sufficient. Approximately 5,000 operatives in and near Greenville, South Carolina, are now striking in protest against the stretch-out system, and new strikes are occurring weekly. The "settlement" at Elizabethton, Tennessee, is at best a truce; the basic causes of unrest—miserably low wages, long weary hours, and industrial feudalism—still remain. The committee earnestly bespeaks continuing support of these strikers.

New York, June 20

NORMAN THOMAS

Women Cabinet Members

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial in the last issue of *The Nation*, headed The Labor Cabinet, you speak of Ramsay MacDonald as "the first to break the all-male tradition of cabinet appointments." Do you recall the fact that Denmark appointed as Minister of Education Madam Nina Bang who died within a year or two? It was she who had a law passed forbidding audiences to rise during the national anthem as "not for the good of the common people."

West Philadelphia, June 16

KATHARINE ARTHUR

Why Farmers Are Discontented

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I'm on a side hill overlooking a valley lovely to view, and fertile. Not a home in it but can be bought at about half what it would have brought during the past ten years. Perhaps you hold me to be an extremist. I am. If a farmer plants four rows of potatoes he must give the product of three of them to the railroad to haul the crop to market. New russets, our pride crop, just in and bringing 65 cents a hundred pounds, 39 cents a bushel. If he plants apples he must give for freight the product of two out of three rows. We get around 60 cents a box—the Idaho Delicious sells for 10 cents each on the stalls. I can see a blurred line below me, on the side of a small hill: apple trees the farmer rooted out this spring, young, healthy trees. Thousands of acres of prunes in which last year—and four years ago—the fruit was not even picked. A million tons of hay rotted in the stack in Idaho three years ago. Freight on hay is ten dollars a ton to points of market (stockyards and packing centers). Average price at these points is fifteen dollars, and as these cities are closer to hay fields of Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas the Western farmer can't compete, for they cut the price when the Westerner ships and he gets a net amount less than cost—under five dollars, and it costs to harvest the bale and haul to the depot about seven dollars per ton.

There are wires strung along the highways carrying light and power. The rancher pays nine cents per kilowatt hour for lighting, four for heating. The power company buys this power from the government—our government—for three-quarters of a cent and carries it sixteen miles only. The Idaho Power and Electric is bonded and has issued stock to the degree that there is \$439 per horse-power against it. We know that the city of Tacoma built and maintains a plant which furnishes electricity for half a cent, and there have been issued against it stocks and bonds to the extent of only \$38 per horse-power. And Tacoma will pay its obligations in seven years while this lasts forever.

The Weyerhaeuser company near here is the largest lumber company in the world and holds most of the privately owned timber of the State. Yet the rancher here pays more for lumber than the people in Los Angeles, or Kansas City, pay for the identically same lumber, shipped from this point. The excuse? "O, we have competition at those points," the local head told me. Legislate? We have tried and failed. Write it up, broadcast it? We get—indifference. But even Mr. Borah sensed that the Idaho farmer is aroused as never before, laid aside legalistic tenets, turned his back on Mr. Hoover, and advocated the debenture. Gooding, Senator deceased, did battle for the ranchers and "common folk" here, fought for reduction in freight rates, and would have put it over had he lived. Borah is too much absorbed in advocating Russian recognition, or battling the World Court, or sticking a stiletto in British ribs, or lecturing France about debts, to give time to the most vicious monopolies in America right here in his own bailiwick.

Boise, Idaho, June 10

FRED FLETCHER

THE NATION radio hour will continue through the summer months on Station WMCA of New York every Monday at 8 p. m. NATION readers may hear lively discussions of current topics by the editors by turning their radio dials to 526.

See pages 52, iii and iv

Contributors to This Issue

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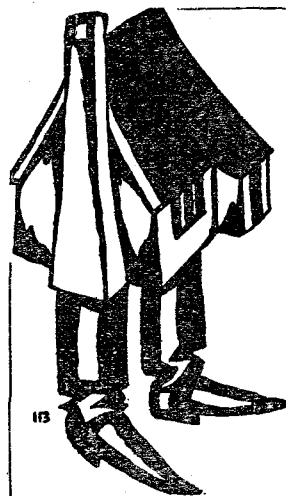
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WILLIAM MACDONALD is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation*.

CARLETON BEALS, who contributed a series of articles—With Sandino in Nicaragua—to *The Nation*, has just left Spain.



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its own feet

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Books

Marriage Songs

By MARK VAN DOREN

I

Something now is lost and gone,
And neither one of them will find it.
Neither can reach to earth again,
But if they could no arm would bind it.

Something is it never kept?
We only knew, while it was there,
They leaned together; then it left
Four empty shoulders in the air.

And still they rise, and still they grow;
But they have moved apart a pace.
They still are lovers—standing, though,
A little stiffly in their grace.

II

Nothing is gone of what they gave
When blushes long ago compacted
Cheek to cheek, and blood was brave;
Nothing is added or subtracted.

Both are ugly, small, and old,
But youth will praise them with a laugh;
For it is joyful to behold
This wrinkled damson, half and half,

Suspended so and never dropping—
Fruit no winter yet could freeze.
They still can blush when maidens, stopping,
Shy at them, and shake, and tease.

Glorious War

All Quiet on the Western Front. By Erich Maria Remarque.
Translated from the German by A. W. Wheen. Little,
Brown and Company. \$2.50.

ELEVEN years after the armistice a German tells in three hundred simple and vivid pages that same "truth about the war" which his fellows on the other side have already told: War is an interminable, exhausting, and nightmarish business without alleviation or purpose. The soldier is prepared by the gratuitous brutality of the training camp for the necessary brutality of the trenches, and, once he has been launched in his trade, there is no variety except in the kinds of misery.

Remarque tells his plain tale with a sort of naivete which is the result, not of too little experience, but of too much. He has given up rhetoric because it is inadequate and given up analysis because he has gone through more than can ever be analyzed. He must be content to record with a simplicity which is terrible because it could never have been arrived at except through an experience so long as to make the unspeakable commonplace. "We are at rest five miles behind the front. Yes-

terday we were relieved, and now our bellies are full of beef and haricot beans. We are satisfied and at peace. Each man has another mess-tin full for the evening; and what is more, there is a double ration of sausage and bread. That puts a man in fine trim. The cook-house smelt greasy and nourishing."

Glory is something talked about by those back home; exaltation an emotion reserved for those far enough away to think that they know what it is all about. In the midst of an attack one tries to preserve one's life for five minutes longer and between times one wonders what one is going to eat. Completely—perhaps blessedly—absorbed in elemental and immediate things, one is far too hungry to think about glory or the fatherland and almost too tired to think about death. Fear, resentment, and an impotent rebelliousness are almost the only emotions simple enough to be felt. If hate be present, too, it is reserved for someone close at hand—like the sergeant who bullies or the cook who is stingy with his beans—for the enemy is too remote to be thought about except when it is a question of punching him in the belly with a bayonet before one gets punched oneself.

Occasionally these soldiers make simple, satiric jokes. Remembering the school-days which ended when they entered the war and which constitute their only previous experience, one of them asks gravely in the manner of his teacher: "What do you mean by the threefold theme in 'William Tell'?" And they all laugh immoderately. But there is little occasion for even elementary humor. Companions drop one by one. Attack follows attack. Between times there is always food to be thought of and officers to be envied. One man sneaked a meal from the officers' kitchen; another dreams of a girl from the officers' brothel. And what is the final result? "I am young. I am twenty years old; yet I know nothing of life but despair, death, fear. . . . What would our fathers do if we suddenly stood up and came before them and proffered our account? What do they expect of us if a time ever comes when the war is over? Through the years our business has been killing—it was our first calling in life. Our knowledge of life is limited to death. What will happen afterwards? And what shall come out of us? . . . Had we returned home in 1916, out of the suffering and the strength of our experiences we might have unleashed a storm. Now if we go back we will be weary, broken, burnt out, rootless, without hope. We will not be able to find our way any more."

"All Quiet on the Western Front" is the German equivalent of Latzko, Barbusse, and Dos Passos. Inferior to none of the others in vividness or power it is, like them, not only impressive in itself but still more so when taken in conjunction with its fellows. Four men of different race, education, and temperament are thrown into the same great catastrophe. Each, victor and vanquished alike, returns to his own home and each reports, not only men and events, but moods and manners, so precisely similar that if a few words were obliterated it would be impossible to tell which was French and which was German, or Hungarian, or American. All agree in what they leave out—glory and patriotism; all agree in what they put in—suffering, and fear, and disgust. "Death is not an adventure to those who stand face to face with it," says Remarque, and each in his own way has said the same. Between them (and with the aid of numerous less-talented confreres) they have created a new image of war. In literature at least it can never be the same again. Brass-band versions of the old romanticism may serve the practical purposes of statesmen very well when the next occasion arises, but in art there is no pride, pomp, or circumstance left for Glorious War. Too many literate persons survived to tell their tale with a unanimity which leaves no room for doubt.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Ruskin Revealed

The Exquisite Tragedy: An Intimate Life of John Ruskin.
By Amabel Williams-Ellis. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.50.

JOHN RUSKIN has stood for many years a paradox. Familiarly enigmatic to most of us, quoted and unread, he has remained for historians difficult to fit into the Victorian puzzle. His courage has seemed too neatly balanced by unreasonable eccentricity; the importance of his social ideals too thwarted by the inconsequence of his moral bigotry for most people to form any clear estimate of his significance. More than one essayist, however, has thrown down the hint that the secret of this paradox lay in the story of his life and he himself points a dramatic finger at the mystery in the pages of "Praeterita." But more than one biographer has failed to discover it. So many things are revealed about him by himself, so many more treasured up about his memory by hundreds of his correspondents, that sheer quantity of facts has produced confusion and unreadable biographies.

It is with astonishment, therefore, and with admiration for her genius in dramatic organization that one who has tried to learn something of Ruskin closes Mrs. Williams-Ellis's new biography. Here at last is a story that is not only readable but fascinating; a true story in which the scattered aspects of Ruskin's personality assemble into a living being. Here, with fine candor, is revealed the human secret of his fame and the inhuman mystery of his isolation. Ruskin's inordinate devotions to art, to geology, to tangled questions of social injustice, his bolshevism, his piety, his affection for very young ladies, his marriage annulment, his madness, somehow, in this book, take credible shape and are brought down from the gray height of ridiculous whispered conjecture to the level of a plain reader's vision.

The curious thing about the book is that Ruskin's story is made convincing by no great verbal magic. Mrs. Williams-Ellis is not, in the ordinary sense, a literary artist; her style is readable but undistinguished. But her genius lies in keeping the reader's mind focused on the subject: the descriptive splendors, the aphorisms seem to be all Ruskin's; even the intrepid shriveling irony seems to arise from the movement of the facts rather than from the idiom of the author's phrase.

In achieving a wide appeal, however, the author has had to slight any full exposition of Ruskin's aesthetic and social theories. She can justly be criticized for the extent to which she sacrifices his opinions on art, for she fails to show clearly how these lead to social doctrines with which she is more familiar and more fascinated. One gets the impression that she considers Ruskin's aesthetics antiquated and unimportant. She gives no estimate of their historical importance because she appears herself unfamiliar with the eighteenth-century background of art criticism. She betrays this unfamiliarity by saying that the descent of Ruskin's aesthetics from Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Discourses" is shown "by the fact of Ruskin's calling one of his chapters The Sublime." Ruskin's theories were a successful demolition of Sir Joshua's principles—scarcely an inheritance; his chapter on The Sublime was comparatively unimportant and a reference specifically to be associated with Burke, Alison, and other important predecessors. In short Mrs. Williams-Ellis, though she pleads extenuation in her preface, slights three important periods of Ruskin's thought: the early development of his art theories, the 1870 lectures (the contents of which she avoids by describing his manner of lecturing), and the embarrassing contradictions and additions he made in 1883 to his previous works.

But what she does give is so rich in interest and insight

that one feels niggardly in mentioning these obvious omissions. She not only clears up several rampant misconceptions, such as the notions that Ruskin discovered Turner or the Pre-Raphaelites, but also writes lucidly of the difference between Ruskin's Platonic communism and various blends of Owenite Chartism, Marxian or Bolshevistic theory. Carlyle's influence upon Ruskin's anti-democratic opinions is explicit, but she is not fooled into believing Carlyle the only source of these more than half emotional leanings. The record of Ruskin's evidence before a committee of the House of Commons upon the condition of the "British Working Man" is so amusing that the reader cries for more. These things, and Mrs. Williams-Ellis's firm comments upon such books as "The Seven Lamps" and "Sesame and Lilies" are enough to make this biography worth the attention of even the academic minded. But above all there rises the story of the tragedy.

The narrative remains uppermost and unforgettable. An inspired comparison of Ruskin to Captain Ahab "pursuing he knows not what spirit of evil—what white whale" focuses the characteristic motivation of Ruskin's dogmatism, his moralizing, his preposterous rationalization. But to quote the author's own words: "It is when the story is set in plush, when the tragedy is enacted 'between a Turkey carpet and a Titian' that there creeps in an element of satire that barbs the nails of fate more delicately than Tee Queeg could barb his harpoon." Most of us have learned readily enough that "the rich cultivated Victorians tried to fence themselves from the tragic and the terrible." But few of us have seen vividly enough the forces that shaped autobiographies like Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son." The awful record is in this book—of all his morals this, their sum, the most inexcusable and profound—the record of moving inevitable episodes in what Ruskin himself called, with appalling irony, "an exquisite piece of tragedy altogether—very much like Lear, in a ludicrous commercial way. . . .!"

HENRY LADD

Toward Peace

Disarmament. By Salvador de Madariaga. Coward-McCann. \$5.

The Way of Peace. By Viscount Robert Cecil. The John Day Company. \$3.

THE spectacle of nations signing with one hand a pact outlawing war while with the other they reach for more guns is slowly disturbing the conscience of nations, so long fed on hypocrisy as scarcely to be conscious even of irony. Yet the recent meeting of the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament at Geneva as usual accomplished nothing. Some hope was, indeed, born for effective plans for reducing naval armaments through a special conference following the British general election. But this hope has been offset to no small degree by the utter failure to arrive at a plan for limiting war material and by America's yielding to the French contention that reserves trained under the conscript system should not count in measuring military strength! Evidently there is a deal of work to be done before an aroused and intelligent public opinion can force governments and their agents to lighten this terrible burden upon world prosperity and mitigate its threat to the peace of mankind.

In this enlightenment Señor Madariaga's book, especially, should play a notable role. With his principal thesis it is impossible to disagree. Boldly stated it is that armaments, while in themselves a menace to peace, cannot be understood save as expressions of national policy, or banished save in an organized world community. With candor, clarity, and wit he first examines the dangers of armament and then the obstacles to dis-

armament. Next he recounts with all the authority of his experience as chief of the Disarmament Section of the League of Nations Secretariat the history of efforts after disarmament since the Peace of Versailles. Finally he advances his "prospective" of the problem, ending with the outline of a program.

Such legitimate criticism as might be made of Señor Madariaga's main thesis would have to do, I think, with his somewhat insufficient stressing of economic factors in the world as it is and in his proposed world community. He does not deal with imperialism with quite his wonted explicitness. Yet he is aware of economic difficulties and imperial rivalries and doubtless had them in mind in the fourth division of his conclusions—conclusions which, by the way, are worth stating:

1. Disarmament is a world problem. It can only be solved by the world as the world organized in a community.

2. This world community must possess a court with compulsory jurisdiction on all judicial questions.

3. The world community must possess a political organization with powers:

(a) to seek the solution of disputes of a non-judicial character by all possible means,

(b) to deal with threat of war and war,

(c) if necessary to lead the world in any action, moral or even physical, against law-breaking nations.

4. The world community must possess a technical organization which will gradually bring under the world control the study and solution of a growing number of problems which are taking on a world-wide scope.

Lest this program by itself should seem to imply that its author despairs of any immediate progress in disarmament, I hasten to add that he expressly argues that efforts toward disarmament may play a great part both in measuring and promoting progress along the way to enduring peace. He goes so far as to suggest that the United States and Great Britain jointly propose complete naval disarmament, including demilitarization of narrow waterways—a suggestion I myself have made before various audiences without ever evoking any valid argument against it.

Turning from Señor Madariaga's principal argument to his trenchant criticism of men and things, I should be inclined to take issue with him on two or three points: (1) From his strong pro-League point of view he is, not illogically, critical of the Kellogg-Briand pact and does not sufficiently consider its possible psychological or pedagogical advantages in preparing the way for more direct advances in disarmament. (2) There was and still is a somewhat better case, psychological and practical, against the sanctions of the famous Protocol, rejected by Britain and looked at askance in America, than Señor Madariaga, again from his beautifully logical position, has allowed. (3) There certainly was a better case for the United States to remain out of the League in 1919 than Señor Madariaga here admits. And it was not a case made only by nationalists. I believe that the time is at hand when on conditions comparatively easy of attainment the United States should join the League. But had the United States joined in 1919, given the temperament of the times and the nature of the Treaty of Versailles, the moral and financial weight of our country would inevitably have underwritten not internationalism but the imperial aspect of the League as a victors' alliance. The growth of the League as an agency of internationalism was made possible—as Señor Madariaga has elsewhere admitted—by the comparative neglect of the League by the imperialist rulers of the Great Powers following America's failure to join.

By comparison with Señor Madariaga's splendid analysis and record of events, Lord Robert Cecil's book is unimportant though high-minded. It is a collection of essays and addresses. As such it is repetitive of certain ideas and phrases and not well

rounded in its presentation of the whole subject. The book shows how one can be a conservative and a lover of peace. Whether one can help achieve as well as love peace and still keep Cecil's point of view is less certain. How, for instance, can one fulfil his injunction that "we must learn to think not only imperially but internationally as well." The least harmful use of the word "imperially" implies an attitude of mind at odds with internationalism. This ex-Minister of the Blockade in the World War is not very high in my list of heroes of peace. Yet his resignation from the Baldwin Cabinet after the fiasco of the Geneva naval conference did him honor.

NORMAN THOMAS

Importations

Cold Steel. By M. P. Shiel. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

Diana. By Heinrich Mann. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

Mimi Blurette. By Guido da Verona. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

Scrapped. By Meta Schoepp and Louise Tausig. Covici, Friede. \$2.50.

SOME day a grade-school history teacher will ask her most brilliant student: "Peter, can you tell us why the Great War was fought?" And Peter's reply will be: "So that novelists could write about it." Post-war novels of readjustment have littered in recent years. "Scrapped" is Meta Schoepp's kitten, and a sick one at that. It is the story of two jobless ex-warriors aimlessly wandering through disemboweled, disillusioned Germany. Fred picks up a stupid intrigue with the wife of a traveling salesman. His companion in misery, Dietz, walks proudly from one job to another with his mongrel Pit, and while he ends by marrying a farm-maid his friend enjoys the oblivion of suicide. The book is as sunless as a submerged cathedral, as tiresome as a diet of pigs' knuckles.

In comparison, Guido da Verona is an epicurean; and Mimi Blurette—danseuse by profession, courtesan by inheritance—the dainty morsel of his palate. Gaily and garishly she dances into the heart of Paris, and into the bed of a Minister of State, ultimately abandoning herself to a real affair of the heart that ends in frustration and self-destruction. She gets to be a bore after a hundred pages, and what was at first a pleasantly sophisticated, wittily corrosive tale peters out into silly twaddle.

Heinrich Mann bears no resemblance to the foregoing writers either in style or subject matter. "Diana," the first part of a trilogy, "The Goddesses," and written more than a decade ago, shows the author to be a stern artist and a completely disenchanted social thinker. In no way does he resemble his more tranquil brother Thomas. That he does not believe that people can even be bribed to accept "justice" is indicated in this book by the futile attempt on the part of the captious Duchess Violante of Assy to free the effeminate kingdom of Dalmatia from the tyranny of its degenerate rulers. Turning to Rome for help, she only finds there an aristocracy gone to seed, a selfish church, and amiable Latin parasites who help her spend her fortune. In the end she is thoroughly convinced that the "life of a few thousand people . . . is a matter of complete indifference" to her. It will be interesting to see what comes of the author's diabolic cynicism, his Flaubertian contempt for the bourgeoisie, in the volumes to follow.

Of these four novels only M. P. Shiel's "Cold Steel" can be said to be an important literary contribution. It is a highly seasoned stew that few readers are likely to enjoy—but those few will cherish. It is a glorious excursion into the incredible. There is nothing remotely like it in the archives of English literature. Call Shiel a "sport" if you will, but re-

member that T. S. Eliot is also a "sport" and Virginia Woolf another, not to mention James Joyce and Marcel Proust.

What does it matter if the facts of history are shuffled or scotched so long as the men and women in this book breathe out their unreal lives in brilliant flames of permanent remembrance. Do not run to your Hackett to verify the King Henry that you find here, for your search will go unrewarded. What does it matter if beautiful Laura Ford and her sister Bessie were never really chased through bush and bramble by the kings of France and England; or if Anne Boleyn was not quite the treacherous devil she is painted; or Cardinal Wolsey not quite so sly? Here they are, nevertheless, in the lasting essence of a grandiloquent farce.

E. M. BENSON

Economics and Christian Morals

Our Economic Morality and the Ethic of Jesus. By Harry F. Ward. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

GOLF and intelligence are two important reasons why millionaires do not go to church, but I am inclined to credit the phenomenon chiefly to the fact that millionaires can no longer count upon preachers to agree with them. At least this is true in many Protestant churches of the North. Until the period just preceding the World War American Protestantism supplied business men with many of their most plausible moral pretexts for getting rich without working. Since 1910, however, there has been a decided drift to the Left in the economic opinions of dissenting homilists. A new generation of preachers has arisen to make millionaire pewholders uncomfortable by using Christianity as an excuse to talk about social justice. In the large modernist Protestant seminaries like Union, Boston, and Garrett, student opinion is far more "radical" than in the State and private universities. Harry Ward of Union Seminary is, more than any other man in America, the father and archetype of this new tribe of preachers, and his stamping ground, the Methodist church, is the most strategic place in the land for spreading a new economic gospel among unredeemed standpatters. After making many Christian millionaires uncomfortable to the verge of apoplexy and after inspiring several generations of theological students with a new social vision, Mr. Ward has put the gist of his thinking about our economic behavior in a book which happily loses none of its fire and persuasiveness in print.

Selecting as his targets the trinity of modern capitalism: competition, private profit, and property, Mr. Ward takes careful aim and shoots them full of holes. Condemning the amoral teaching of economics in many universities he says that such teaching "should be listed under its proper name of chrematistics—the science of money making." If economics is to be a genuine social science, the human consequences of economic behavior must be considered first. Our economic system—which is not really a system at all but a collection of selfish habits—has failed to reward men according to merit or to guarantee a living minimum to those who keep the world running. We cannot escape from the profound immorality of the profit basis of society until we have altered this basis itself, until goods are produced for use and natural wealth is cooperatively controlled.

Mr. Ward has covered the familiar ground traversed by Shaw, Hobson, and Tawney in England and by Veblen and Walter Rauschenbusch in the United States, but he brings fresh insight and new data to make an original contribution to the subject. What I object to in his treatment is the constant dragging in of "the ethic of Jesus." Is it necessary for a professor in a theological seminary to pretend that a sound economic morality must come from Jesus? Anyone who reads the Gospels with an impartial eye will discover that Jesus's teaching

concerning economic values was confused, fragmentary, and quite inapplicable to a world of tickers, billionaires, and communists. What Mr. Ward really means by "the ethic of Jesus" is the ethic of Harry F. Ward, and I don't see why he should be so modest about saying so.

PAUL BLANSHARD

Creative Building

The American Architecture of Today. By G. H. Edgell. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$6.

The Story of Architecture in America. By Thomas E. Tallmadge. W. W. Norton and Company. \$4.

American Architecture. By Fiske Kimball. Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$4.

Towards a New Architecture. By Le Corbusier. Translated by Frederick Etchells. Payson and Clarke. \$5.

ARCHITECTURE is becoming more than fashionable; the congestion of our industrial cities, the continual thrusting up of new buildings before our eyes has at last awakened a naturally somnolent curiosity. Each of these four books has some special answer to give.

Professor Edgell's volume is an attempt to picture the complete panorama of modern American architecture against a historical background, the presentation of which is the best chapter, clear, vivid, concise, and with a sane grasp of the combined practical and aesthetic bases which underlie all building. With the plethora of modern architectural work he is less sure, because less definite; one seeks in vain for some controlling taste or even any dominant theories by which the mass of buildings that he illustrates and admires may be related to one another. The author's continuous enthusiasms offer little constructive help to the layman lost in its mazes.

Mr. Tallmadge's book is a more popular work, a sort of gossip history whose message is in no wise helped by its supposedly smart manner. Architecture is a great subject, and the most valuable quality of its finest work is nobility. Its criticism demands an equal nobility; the true popularizing of an art comes through clear thinking and careful, simple writing, not through lack of dignity. Mr. Tallmadge is at his best in his treatment of the part of the history which he knows best and with which he was in the closest personal touch—the movements in American taste from the time of Richardson down to the early years of the twentieth century.

Fiske Kimball's "American Architecture," though much the shortest of the three, conveys the clearest picture out of the enormous mass of material which his scholarship presents. He has evolved a pattern clear, simple, and beautifully designed. Out of it rises the craggy and arrogant personality of Louis Sullivan as the hero of the drama, and Fiske Kimball alone has clarified the relationship between classicism, romanticism, and that new god of design, functionalism. He has seen architecture as creative building, and style as passing fashion.

Le Corbusier's book has long been known in the original French to students of modern art movements, and one cannot but be glad that it is now rendered available to all readers. It is a stimulating book, a breath-taking book, a question-making book, more fruitful of discussion than of opinion. Refreshing in its analyses of Roman, Greek, and Renaissance work; cutting and sound in its grasp of "the illusion of plan"; full of self-confident austerity almost Franciscan, it nevertheless, by some psychological perversity, succeeds in developing, out of its clarity, its keenness, and its idealism, designs of a fantastic and monotonous ugliness, towns of rectangular harshness, and interiors like the inside of an operating room. It is a disturbing book because so completely doctrinaire and yet so persuasive.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN

An Indian Handbook

The Rain-Makers. By Mary Roberts Coolidge. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

THREE shelves sagging under the weight of eighty-seven volumes of Bureau of Ethnology Reports would come crashing down on my typewriter were I to suggest that Mary Roberts Coolidge in "The Rain-Makers" adds materially to the store of information on the Indians of the Southwest. Thank heaven this is true! Mrs. Coolidge is soundly aware that while special data continue to accumulate it is extremely important, from time to time, to edit the current inventory. Her book is another good summary of the facts, if not always the feeling, of that glorious country.

The author is a member of the State Board of Education of California. She has supplemented her wide reading on the Southwest with years of intimate contact with the Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. She has made wise selections and quoted extensively from the best authorities. The book is direct, refreshingly free from the errors of first enthusiasm and those minor prejudices on which others devote whole chapters: whether a "kiva" should be called an "estufa," whether the swastika is indigenous, or who discovered what first.

On the interpretative side there are lapses. Now and then you run across sentences like this: "The Indian mind is not literal, specific, scientific. It is philosophical, vague, and poetic." Thus to oppose the specific and poetic, if I may pounce upon two intended extremes among these six ideas, seems excessively inaccurate. Generalization comes late in cultural experience. For instance, the Cherokees, according to Max Eastman, are without any general verb "to wash," but they have many specific verbs meaning "wash my head," "wash another person's head," "wash my face," "wash a child," etc. The basic beauty, indeed, of the poems quoted by the author from the Natalie Curtis collection, derives from primitive specification that excludes vagueness. In the second cycle of the Navajo creation myth the first name given for the turquoise goddess is given as "Young woman who becomes old and goes away and comes back young again," an identification full of literal irrelevancies, still lacking the simplification of the hero labels of the "Iliad."

May such quibbling, however, deter no one from the pleasures of this excellent handbook. I intend to take it with me next time I visit those charming friends whose Christmas "thank-you" letters arrive just in time to remind you that somebody lacks bus fare to attend an August fiesta at a neighboring pueblo.

Mrs. Coolidge gives a remarkably useful picture: the history of the peoples, customs, social life, ceremonies, and dances (with a good calendar of where and when), arts, industries, architecture. The chapters on pottery and basket-making are packed with information. She discusses the hypothesis of Oriental origin of the tribes, cites the causes of devitalization prior to the Spanish invasion of the sixteenth century, and describes the cruelties and benefits under the American government. The Navajos, she finds, are the most verile and prosperous. Unlike the Pueblos, the Navajos are steadily increasing in numbers—from less than nine thousand in 1869 to thirty-five thousand at present. The superb courage of the Apaches, which made them resist subjugation longer, has contributed to their pitiful plight today. They are weak and diseased, with a late start in adapting themselves to a dislocated order. With them, cultural progress depends on first rebuilding physical vitality.

The title of the book comes from what Mrs. Coolidge believes to be one of the two main ideas of the Southwestern mind: "Desire for rain and belief in the unity of all life."

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

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The Story of a Dynasty

The Hohenzollerns. By Herbert Eulenberg. Translated by M. M. Bozman. The Century Company. \$4.

THE net impression made by this sprightly book is that the twenty-odd rulers of the Hohenzollern family, although exceptionally well endowed with the customary human frailties, have been on the whole somewhat maligned. Herr Eulenberg puts the two sides of the case very well in his preface. "The princely race of Hohenzollern," he writes, "has, like every other, produced men good and bad, strong and weak, men of noble character and men of coarser mold, rulers bellicose and—the fact needs especial emphasis—rulers peace-loving, mild, and conciliatory. Owing its sovereignty in the Mark of Brandenburg as it does to the diplomatic ability of one of the line, the dynasty can show a whole succession of compliant, unwarlike, and amenable persons among subsequent rulers of the race." Their worst family trait was "the overweening sense of their own power, the tendency to despotism, which is to be found in most of them." The Germans have chiefly to reproach them because "most of them took very little interest in their people, either in great matters or small," and few of them "cared a straw for the intellectual and aesthetic history of the German race." Even Frederick the Great, who "tried to bring on his aristocracy" as a means of cultivating a "society" in Germany, "gave them up as intellectually incapable of development."

This, of course, is hardly the conventional view, especially since the last ruler of the line went hustling into exile. Readers to whom Prussia and Germany are interchangeable terms will be surprised to learn that until well into the nineteenth century, when the Electors of Brandenburg and later Kings of Prussia had become Emperors of Germany, the interests of Prussia and the old empire often clashed. It was the Great Elector who enabled Louis XIV of France to annex a large part of Alsace-Lorraine, while William I, the last Prussian king to crown himself at Königsberg, stood out after the battle of Sedan "almost as stubbornly as his brother Frederick William had done against the acceptance of the German imperial crown." "How can my Prussian heart," he exclaimed, "bear to see the kingly title which has attained and accomplished so much give place to the title of 'Kaiser,' which for centuries has been at enmity with Prussia?"

Herr Eulenberg admits that he has "plied a more flamboyant and broader brush" in the present instance than is his wont, but he justifies himself by observing that "in an age with no great taste for ancient history I had to do my best to portray these princes in the freshest colors on my palette, to give them the warmth and glow of life." Warmth and glow his pictures assuredly have, whether the subject be John Sigismund, facing a volley of plates and glasses hurled at his drunken head by an irate queen and exchanging "a few furious blows with his future son-in-law," Gustavus Adolphus; or the Great Elector, "a double-dealer from the first," the "best deed" of whose life was the Edict of Potsdam, offering asylum to the persecuted Huguenots of France; or Frederick William I, with his passion for tall soldiers and aversion to war, his baths five times daily, and his care "for the replenishing of his scantily populated dominions with inhabitants"; or Frederick William II, victim of premature sexual decay (he counted two "secondary" wives and a "permanent" mistress in addition to his queen), whose body lay so long unburied that "the horses in the riding school took fright and lost condition"; or Queen Louise, a "very natural, sensual woman," a "magnificent, roguish, childlike, guileless creature," and not at all the "saint and exalted heroine" of the school history books.

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WILLIAM MACDONALD

Books in Brief

The American Party Battle. By Charles A. Beard. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Mr. Beard has added to the World Today Bookshelf of which he is editor this concise historical sketch of political parties in the United States. Rejecting the view of Bryce that the party struggle in America has been chiefly a battle between the advocates of central and of State government he outlines the economic, social, and racial factors which enter into political strife. Here is historical realism at its best.

The Life and Tragedy of Alexandra Feodorovna, Empress of Russia. By Baroness Sophie Buxhoeveden. Longmans, Green and Company. \$7.50.

As a virtually lifelong servant and lady-in-waiting to the Empress Feodorovna, Baroness Buxhoeveden is eminently well qualified to tell the harrowing tale of the Emperor Nicholas II and his family. Considered only as an historical document, the book possesses the fundamental value of being the product of an eye-witness of noteworthy events; and as a literary exercise, it at least illustrates the virtues of clearness, simplicity, and comparative candor. Naturally enough, the Baroness shows little sympathy for the Bolshevik regime.

From Confucius to Mencken. Edited by F. H. Pritchard. Harper and Brothers.

This vast compilation of prose from hundreds of authors in dozens of countries is manifestly an attempt at the impossible, since there has been so much prose that no one volume, however big, could do more than scratch the surface. Mr. Pritchard has worked carefully, however, within these fatal limits; so far as he goes he goes interestingly, and much that he gives us was worth digging out.

The Plunger. The Story of the Wheat Pit. By E. J. Dies. Covici Friede. \$3.

A breathless biography of Benjamin P. Hutchinson, "Old Hutch," who was Wheat King in Chicago in the days of Daniel Drew and Jay Gould.

The New World. By Isaiah Bowman. World Book Company. \$6.

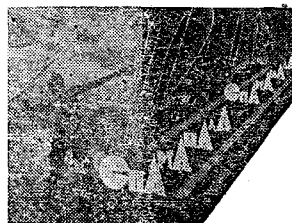
The post-war world has changed so rapidly that new geographies must be published almost continuously to keep pace with the changes. Isaiah Bowman, president of the American Geographical Society of New York, first published his comprehensive summary of world conditions, "The New World," in 1921. Now he has written a complete revision of that book with late material concerning Europe, South America, and the Orient. The elaborate maps and economic summaries make the new edition even more useful than the earlier one.

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International Relations Section

*Modern Spain**

III. Censorship

By CARLETON BEALS

THE flood of official notes by Primo de Rivera, which all newspapers are required to print without remuneration and to which no one is permitted to reply, reveal a man whose overweening ego is childishly sensitive to criticism, vulgarly avid for flattery, arrogantly boastful, capriciously vindictive, or absurdly generous yet utterly ignorant of the broader canons of justice and equity, disconcertingly subject to sentimentality, anger, or false pride; more full of undignified pose than Coolidge with his five-gallon hats; fond of rhetoric and inflated adjectives; condescendingly paternal yet somewhat humanized by his weakness for wine, women, and gambling, however inappropriate these may be in the administration of a national enterprise. His language alternates between that of the bull-ring and the pompous periods of a Pangloss and a Parolles; the Dictator, with his uncertain Andalusian temperament, is ever anxious to be, at one and the same time, a good fellow, a benevolent god, an Alexander and a Mussolini. A communiqué concerning the opening of the Barcelona exposition is a gem:

I do not wish to close this telegram without communicating to your Excellency [Minister of Interior Martínez Anido], in order that it may be made public, my emotion at the attitude of the twenty thousand spectators in the bull-ring on the entry of Don Jaime, and shortly after, myself, and the good behavior of the public at a performance which, though the admission was exorbitant, proved in every way wretched, save for the Goya-like parade [of bull-fighters], and the ability of the Portuguese star; and at the attitude still more outstanding and affectionate of the enormous multitude covering the streets of the route for several kilometers, who, without having witnessed the spectacle, with their faces incomparably happy, with expressions noble and sympathetic, once more demonstrated the temperament and kindness of our race, moving the heart to cry, "Long live Spain, and Long live this great Barcelona, industrious, intelligent, and patriotic!"

Censorship of the press has been severe and capricious. In spite of the fact that every periodical bears the slogan, "Revised by the Censor," papers are arbitrarily suspended and fined for subject matter already passed by the censor. *El Liberal* of Bilbao, as previously mentioned, was fined a thousand pesetas for printing a photograph of the niece of the Pope in short skirts. On May 8 the police presented themselves in the office of *El Heraldo de Madrid*, one of the oldest dailies, and stopped the presses, because, under a heading which had slipped by the editor and the censor, entitled Sevilla for the Tourists, appeared an account of a street brawl. The paper was obliged to pay a fine of 50,000 pesetas in the form of a check delivered personally to the Dictator. When a delegation from the sister papers of the capital waited upon Primo to protest, he insulted them. However

cautious they try to be, editors and writers continually pass in and out of jails. Writers incurring the displeasure of the regime are frequently censored and deprived of a living even though their work is purely literary. (Except for the temporary ban upon the works of Blasco Ibañez, books have not been suppressed—perhaps because the Spanish public reads very few books!) Luis Jiménez Asúa writes in the introduction to his book, "Politica-Figuras-Paisajes":

If a government believes—mistakenly it seems to me—that censorship is necessary to prevent the propagation of news which is alarming or inconvenient for the public ends pursued by the ministers, its scope should be confined to this objective. Censorship ceases to be the instrument of dictatorial government, transforming itself into something else meriting stronger terminology, when it swerves from its proper ends and is put at the service of the basest passions.

A censorship which permits a governor to launch against his adversaries, in official notes, the most harsh accusations and does not permit those injured to exercise defense, is not censorship, but police protection of the monopoly of offense.

The censorship which consents that a daily such as *La Nación* (personal organ of the Dictator) hurls against me the most ridiculous abuse without letting me refute the pretended arguments, is not censorship but blind support of ignorance.

A censorship which, abusing its power, diverges from its functions, is not censorship, but iniquity.

The Dictatorship constantly attacks private individuals, yet permits them no opportunity to reply. Recently a correspondent of *Le Matin* arrived at the gunboat where the Conservative ex-Premier Sánchez Guerra has been confined since the artillery plot with permission from the Dictator to celebrate an interview. Sánchez Guerra refused to receive him, whereupon the correspondent wrote an apocryphal interview very incriminating for a man whose life was hanging in the balance. This was reproduced, but the Dictatorship denied Sánchez Guerra the right to declare the interview false. Such accounts could be endlessly multiplied.

The only counter-weapon has been the circulation of clandestine *hojas*, which pass from hand to hand, giving information, or correcting the statements of the Dictatorship. Yet the police have also made use of this method. Recently a secret sheet appeared advocating regicide, signed by prominent men of all parties. The police then proceeded to arrest them on the evidence the police had manufactured.

Along with censorship of the press occurs the prohibition of public assemblage. None of the political groups may hold meetings except the official Unión Patriótica and the Socialist Party. Men have even been arrested for reputed statements at private banquets.

Another blow at personal liberty has been the abolition of trial by jury. Personal freedom is thus conditioned to the whim of judges appointed by the Directorate, who imprison and fine arbitrarily, and against whom there is no recourse. On the other hand, Primo de Rivera caused a review of all sentences for five years prior to 1923, largely to benefit friends of the military group. High officials constantly intervene with the judges to secure punishment or immunity. The most notorious cases of interference with judicial verdicts have occurred. Primo personally set aside a civil verdict

* Third in a series of four articles on Spain by Carleton Beals. The fourth and last, Official Corruption, will appear next week.

against the Bishop of Madrid and in favor of the nation, and thereby turned public properties over to the church along with millions of pesetas of interest. Still more notorious violation grew out of Primo's personal interest in La Caoba, the most fashionable Madrid courtesan. La Caoba was arrested and sentenced in a morphine scandal, but through Minister of Justice, Galo Ponte, a man thoroughly discredited before the arrival of the regime, Primo forced a revision of the sentence and her liberation. Several of the most outstanding cases of judicial arbitrariness have been the fining of the prominent lawyer Ossorio y Gallardo (just elected national president of the Spanish bar association, elections arbitrarily annulled by Primo) for criticisms made in a private letter to ex-Premier Maura; the fining of the wealthy Liberal and ex-Premier, Conde de Romanones; the imprisonment of the novelist Valle-Inclán; the deporting of Unamuno; the arrest and fining of Doctor Mariñón; the imprisonment of Antonio María Sbert, president of the students' federation, who was held for months, incomunicado, in a remote unhealthy castle prison; and thousands of minor injustices. Men are constantly taken out of their homes, locked up, and permitted to languish for months in jail, without a charge being preferred against them. A friend of mine, half-owner of a publishing house, in this wise has spent from one to nine months in jail every year since the dictatorship began.

Lack of judicial guaranties is tied up with the loss of local self-government. The most vicious onslaught upon local liberties, as I indicated in a previous article, has been that made upon Catalán regionalism. The rest of Spain has fared little better. When the Directorate came into power, military governors immediately supplanted military governors, "to replace civil corruption with the honesty and integrity of the army." (I have already discussed the utter lack of honesty and integrity in the army.) At the same time the Dictator abolished the 9,254 *ayuntamientos*, or elected municipal councils, replacing them with new bodies appointed by hand-picked committees from the wealthier taxpayers. These bodies naturally control the local judiciary. The result has been an offensive against the properties of all enemies of the local tyrants and against any one opposing the regime, reducing many a prosperous citizen to a state of pauperdom. Another result has been the rapid spoliation of the communal reserves of the villages. Harking back to prefeudal days, the villages in Spain have always conserved a certain amount of communal land, waters and woods. These, on orders from the center, have been sacrificed. Official favorites are skimming off the cream of these at ridiculously low prices. Nevertheless this has temporarily filled the municipal treasuries and has led to a rapid pushing of public works, sanitation, paving, building, monuments, what not, which has given to the Spanish rural districts an air of bustle and progress previously unknown. This has allowed for plenty of graft and has built up a corps of greedy and dishonest office-holders, completely servile to the regime. But at the same time it has weakened the economic reserves of the villages, where the margin of existence is treacherously low.

The old *Cacique* or boss of the village was often a powerful and dishonest person, but he had to achieve his ends, in part, by appeal to local sentiment. The new municipal administrations, supported from the center, do not need to do this; they need only consider the few powerful and wealthy men of the community. Their power is absolute; and as

there is no independent judiciary or trial by jury, any dissidents are promptly disposed of, along with their property.

In addition to extending the brutal *somaten constabulary* of Barcelona to all of Spain, hundreds of military officers circulate through Spain as mentors. Secret-service agents are thick as flies: no man knows, when he is holding a private conversation in the cafes or on the street-cars, but what he will be tapped on the shoulder and taken off to jail, or worse, for a royal decree has authorized the secret agents and *somaten* to utilize any violence or aggression against people talking in public against the regime, and are guaranteed complete immunity. The jailed man has no defense against the word of the agent who has taken him in custody. It will mean weeks or months in jail. Another punishment meted out is arbitrary deportation to isolated places. The well-known writer, Enrique Mesa, was thus arrested and deported from Madrid to the melancholy mountain town of Soria. After sixty-seven days, since he received so many visits even in that remote place, the authorities deemed it wiser to permit him to return. For the opening of the Sevilla exposition, the authorities rounded up scores of people suspected of lacking sympathy for the regime, loaded them on to trucks and dumped them up in the mountain villages, threatening them with worse punishment if they returned to their families and professions. The equatorial island of Fernando Po is full of political prisoners dying a slow death at hard labor under the annihilating sun.

Scarcely a prominent intellectual figure or writer of Spain but has been persecuted, arrested, fined, discharged from teaching positions, or deported. In his struggle with the university elements, Primo brazenly declared that the universities were not essential for the well-being or progress of Spain. Five universities were closed. The rest were maimed. All are being "reorganized" by a Crown commission, which is eliminating doubtful professors and students. (No wonder the students of Madrid University this morning pulled down the statue of the king in the Paraninfo and sawed off his head.) A few professors, whom Primo de Rivera incorporated into his personally chosen "national" Assembly, cravenly apologized for the attitude of certain professors and students, but in general the teachers of all Spain protested vigorously; numbers of them resigned. These protests, owing to the censorship, never saw the light. The one exception was the pointed letter of Professor Menéndez Pidal, president of the Royal Spanish Academy, Spain's most eminent scholar.

This procedure was on a par with Primo's earlier closing of the Madrid Ateneo, that center of Spanish intellectual light, with its brilliantly chosen library and its accessible periodicals from every corner of the globe. Primo arrested the administrative body of the Ateneo, appointed a new administrative council (though the Ateneo is an independent civic organization), and then allowed it to reopen. Its one-time famous open forum no longer functions. A similar fate met the Ateneo Mercantil of Valencia.

The legal excuse for this procedure is a royal decree permitting the Dictator to depose or name the officers of all private, partisan, and civic organizations in Spain. It is as if Mr. Hoover should appoint Mr. Mencken to run the W. C. T. U. or Mr. Schwab as head of the Workers' Party.

Spain is asking when Primo will begin shifting the heads of families.

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